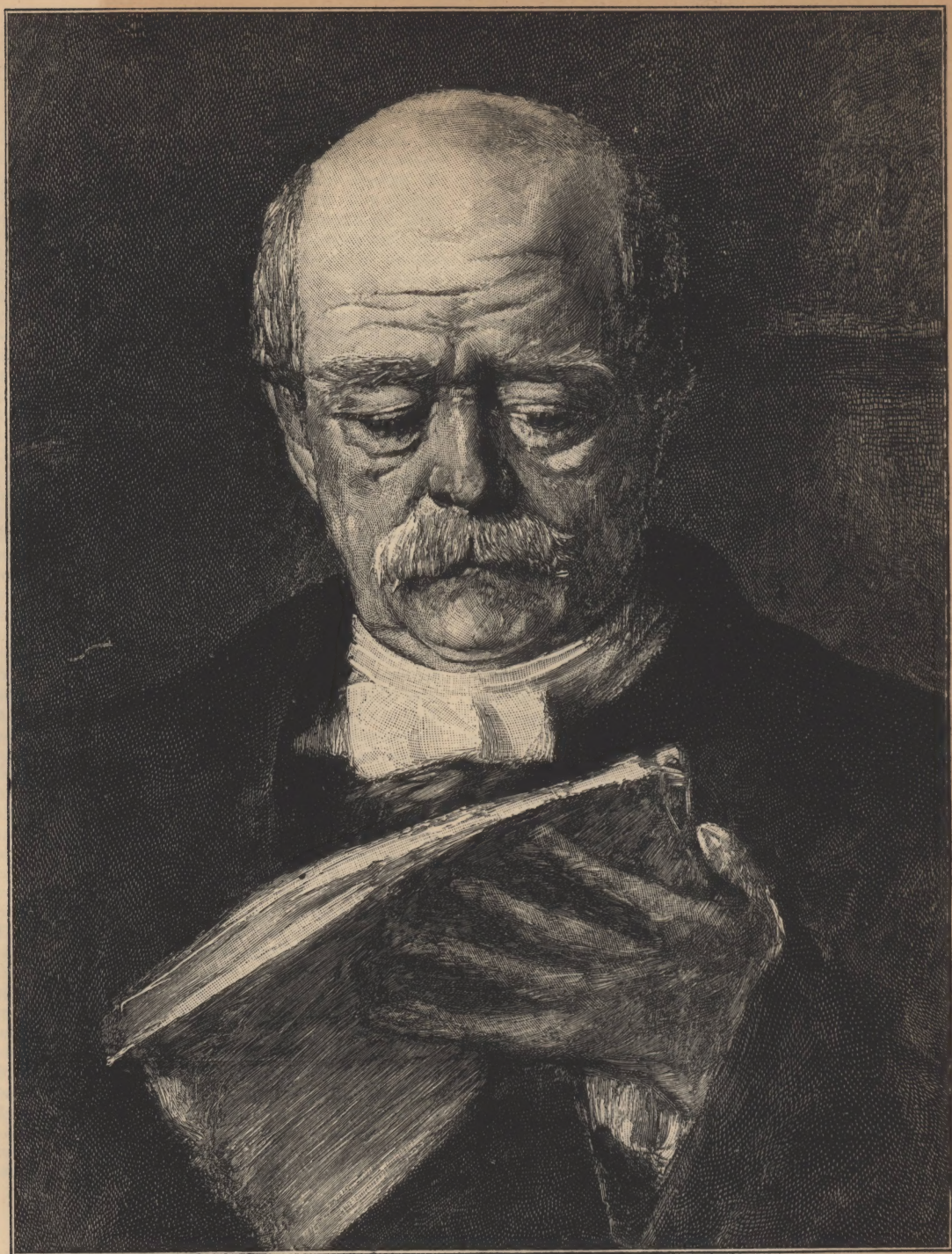


Wm. H. H. H. H.



W. B. Woodward

THE YOUNG MAN

A Monthly Journal and Review

"QUIT YOU LIKE MEN: BE STRONG."

PRINCE BISMARCK AT HOME.

THE hoary ex-Chancellor and unifier of Germany passes his days between the Northern Tusculanum, Friedrichsruh, and the ancestral mansion of the Bismarcks, Schönhausen, in the province of Saxony. But Friedrichsruh claims the bulk of his time, both because its convenience is greater and because its position affords easy communication with the metropolis. It was at Friedrichsruh that I visited Prince Bismarck, in compliance with a kindly suggestion made to me, that when passing that way again next I should call. "Only be sure to telegraph the day before," was written at the end of the letter. I only learned when there the meaning of this careful injunction. The fact is, that Prince Bismarck always reads his postal communications the day after their arrival.

Friedrichsruh is in reality the name of a *château*, though a small hamlet has grown round the mansion. It lies on the main line of railway from Hamburg to Berlin, not more than twenty miles from the old Hanse City. For situation, it is hardly excelled in North Germany, which implies that the scenery in the neighbourhood par-

takes of the usual characteristics of those latitudes. For miles in every direction a pine forest rises above an undulating stretch of sandy country. The name borne by the forest is the *Sachsenwald*, and a large part of it belongs to the estate which was given to Prince Bismarck when the Emperor William I. handed the *château* to him, after the victorious close of the French campaign. The country round about is delightful in spring and summer, especially when warm sun falls upon the forest glades and

draws from the pines their sweet and refreshing odours. You no sooner alight from the train at Friedrichsruh than you see signs that this is a favourite place of pilgrimage, as well as a breathing-space for Hamburg's swelling population. Outside the station there is a garden restaurant of the "Begone-dull-care" kind, common to Germany, and its proportions and accessories seem to indicate that it has at times to meet great demands. The *château* itself is within call of the railway, though its park is surrounded by walls and hedges on all sides. The building would rank in Eng-



THE PRINCESS BISMARCK.

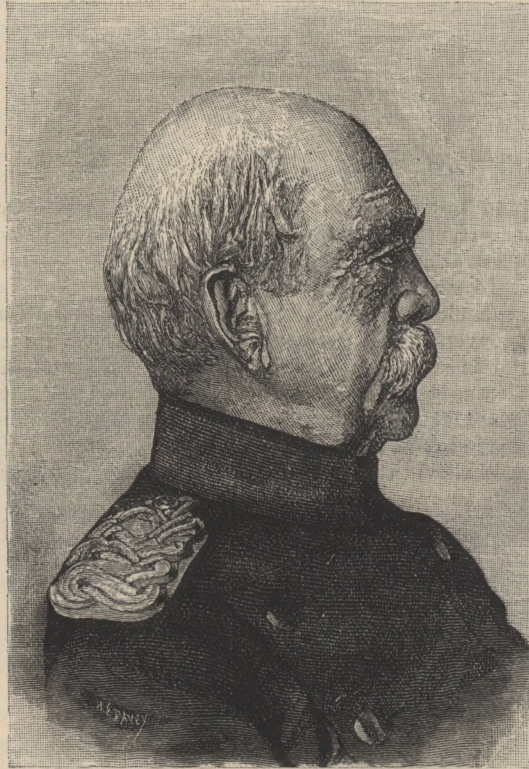
land as a country mansion of the better class. The term castle, often applied to it, is misleading, for externally there is nothing to suggest baronial traditions,—neither towers nor battlements, nor moat nor turrets, nor ponderous archway,—though its owner is both Duke and Fürst. The park, however, is a pretty spot, set off by a natural lake in the centre, and a fringe of picturesque wooden houses of the Rhine-bank type on its farther side.

My arrival at the *château* chanced to fall about noon, and, as it happened, the mid-morning meal, known in Germany as the “second breakfast,” was going on. Asked to join the family, I was at once ushered into a large dining-room, a spacious apartment looking upon the park, and hung with pictures of local and family interest. Prince Bismarck came out to greet me with the courtly courtesy which he knows so well how to assume, and to present me to the members of his family; for all were present that day—the princess, the only daughter, the two counts, and the grandchildren. In all the old paintings, prints, and photographs, he appears in the undress uniform of a cuirassier general, whose blue coat with yellow flaps admirably became him. To-day he wore the attire of a private gentleman: a long black coat close at the neck, with white tie, fastened in a bow after the olden style. Yet the figure was as commanding as ever. Indeed, it is only at close quarters that you appreciate the ex-Chancellor’s fine and stately physique. What he was years ago he is still, in spite of age: a soldier in appearance, from head to foot, in build and in presence alike. But you notice that in private life the official stiffness of demeanour is unknit. In the old days there was little of suavity in the appearance of Prince Bismarck on public occasions. His look was firm and serious—the look of a man who has business on hand and wants to dispatch it in

a business-like way. To-day, however, there was little in outward bearing to suggest the flagellant of hostile Reichstags of old. Other times, other manners.

The Prince sat at the head of the table, and behind him, keeping watch and ward, and thankfully receiving any contributions which reached them from their master’s hand, were his two great hounds. My place was between the Prince and his trusty confidant, Dr. Lothar Bucher, since dead, and conversation was thus facilitated in a manner which made my visit a very memor-

able one. What struck me forcibly was the complete deference paid by all present to the genial talker, who sat there, as it were, at the receipt of custom. Every one seemed only to desire to listen and learn, and those who have heard Prince Bismarck either speak in public or converse in private will altogether agree with me when I say that his speech is simply a succession of sententious utterances, *bon mots*, erudite allusions, and winged phrases, literary “jewels five words long.” The slightest remark was sufficient to give him a text upon which to say some word or other of weighty meaning, or, better still, to cause him to



PRINCE BISMARCK.

recall interesting reminiscences from his inexhaustible memory and storehouse of experience.

It will not be wondered that I went to Prince Bismarck with a desire to have cleared up a few puzzling points which had often occurred to me as a student of his public career and the institutions of his country. One, for example, was purely personal. Any one who has studied the life of Cromwell must have been struck by the many characteristics which these men have in common. Both were called to take the reins of Government (for if Cromwell was a constitutional Dictator, Bismarck was the same informally) in one of the most stirring epochs in their country’s history; both possessed the absolutist spirit in an eminent degree; both

were men of blunt and outspoken language, men who hated ceremony and mincing ways, men who meant what they said and said what they meant without reservation or subterfuge; both were men who might have been born to succeed in their enterprises, whether political or military; both were men called, as they believed by God, from the quiet of country life to take the lead in national affairs; both were in character pious, reverent, and God fearing. And if any one cares to read the speeches of Bismarck in the original, he will notice their great similarity to the pointed, abrupt, full-life speech of Cromwell. Often I had conjectured that Prince Bismarck, if he had studied any models at all, must, at least, have been very familiar with the life and memoirs of the English Protector. Yet in conversation upon English literature, he told me frankly that Cromwell's speeches were not known to him, and, in passing, that all the works of Carlyle which he had read were the Prussian ones.

And, speaking of literature, I am reminded of the frequency with which Bismarck used to interlard his speeches with quotations from two English writers, Shakespeare and Moore. He told me to-day, with a glow of returning youth in his eye, how as a stripling he had fed his fancy upon Byron, who was then, of course, the rage. Then he sobered down to Thomas Moore,

and indeed I remember to have heard him make use of the story of the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan in one of his speeches. But I fancy that Bismarck's liking for Moore was in part at any rate courtly, for in the sixties the meteoric Irish poet played a somewhat prominent part in the literary entertainments of the Berlin Court. Moore readings and private performances of the "Lalla Rookh" were for a time in great vogue there, thanks to the fashion set by the intellectual Queen Augusta. But that was before the annals of the Prussian Court became annals of war and diplomacy.

My visit lasted several hours, and one by one the assembled members of the family retired, until at last we were left alone to talk at will. Throughout, the Prince spoke with the liveliest interest in current affairs, and not only German, for our talk travelled over many questions of European politics, from the position of England in Egypt to old age pension schemes. He told me the story of the genesis of the German industrial insurance laws, and his opinion of their success; he explained the origin of the strange contradiction in German politics, manhood suffrage; he spoke at length and with great acumen on Socialism; he recalled memories of the historical struggle between the Prussian King and Parliament which led to his



THE BISMARCK FAMILY.

[From a Photo by KARL HAHN, Munich.]

becoming Minister President in 1862. Yet his imagination was the same as ever; he was wise and witty, grave and profound by turn, and truly may it be said that throughout the conversation, long and diverse though it was, he touched no subject which he did not adorn. But that is Bismarck's style. He was simply himself.

In recording impressions of one of the greatest figures of the nineteenth century, for the sake of the readers of *THE YOUNG MAN*, one thinks naturally of those of his characteristics which stand out most prominently. The one which involuntarily comes to my mind, because the most conspicuous of all, is his marvellous tenacity of purpose. Prince Bismarck has suffered political and diplomatic defeats during his career, but they have been few and far between, and one thinks rather of the brilliant succession of triumphs which he crowded into his public life. There may, of course, be difference of opinion as to the means by which some have been achieved; but friend and foe will unite to pay ready tribute to the strong and overpowering determination by which alone his difficulties have been overcome, and his ends have been achieved. For steady persistency, for downright plodding, for unflinching devotion to the purpose in view, for fidelity to conscience, for dogged pertinacity, his name is, and will long be, proverbial. If I were to select the two most important events in which this characteristic has shown itself, they would be—(1) his life-long endeavour to hand down the Prussian monarchy inviolate, unstripped of its prerogatives, and still defiant to the democratic spirit which has come over so many other countries, and (2) the unification of the German empire—works not of equal durability, or even perhaps of equal foresight, yet each equally witnessing to the spirit and character of the man. At heart Prince Bismarck, some of his recent utterances notwithstanding, is not only a thorough monarchist, but a monarchist whose predilections are all in favour of the unlimited system, which in Prussia ceased to exist after the revolution of 1848. I have called him elsewhere "the last German statesman of the old monarchical school," and I think the description will not be held to be inexact. The very disappearance of Prince Bismarck from public life constitutes the end of an

old and the beginning of a new era in German, as well as in Prussian constitutional history.

Here I may recall some words which he addressed to myself. While expressing himself as dissatisfied with the principle of universal suffrage, upon which the German Imperial Parliament is elected, he allowed that the constitutional arrangements in vogue in the various German states are transitional. "Doubtless," he said, "we shall have to go through the same stages which you in England have passed through—though with variations and modifications incidental to time and place. But in any case it will be a slow process, and no one can foresee the direction which developments will take."

So the conversation went on, and time sped more quickly than the visitor liked. But as Bismarck sat there, talking affably in his hospitable room, large pipe in hand, with the mild afternoon sunshine coming through the windows, he looked the very *beau idéal* of the veteran thinker and fighter, who, having done a life's hard work, has earned rest and is enjoying it.

Thus, in calm and seclusion, the life of this most remarkable man is running down its sands. Yet in his retirement, Prince Bismarck has the satisfaction of knowing that his name and work are still held in the highest honour. And though, as the years pass, he will take a less prominent place in the public mind, gratitude and reverence will ever be yielded to him, alike by the present generation and the generations yet to come. Need it be added that his neighbourly relationships are of the friendliest? At Friedrichsruh his outgoing is as anxiously awaited and as cordially greeted now by the people of the locality as in the days of his greatest prestige as statesman and Chancellor. Here is a little incident which tells its own tale. While we sat at luncheon there was brought to the table a miniature basket of woodruff (*Waldmeister*), largely used in Germany in the spring for flavouring wine, which had just been gathered for the Prince by a young girl of the village. The thoughtful gift seemed to please the ex-Chancellor greatly. It was one of those little acts of kindness and love which say far more than the great ones. Of Prince Bismarck, even in his rural retreat, it cannot be said that "the prophet is not without honour save in his own country."

WILLIAM HARBUTT DAWSON.

THE veiling of intelligence with obedience shall give it light and not darkness. The reverence which comes in service shall not be paralysis, but strength.—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

MAN's unhappiness, as I construe, comes of his greatness; it is because there is an infinite in him, which with all his cunning he cannot quite bury under the finite.—CARLYLE.

ATHLETICISM is a good thing if kept in its place, but it has come to be very much overpraised. True manliness is as likely to be found in a weak as in a strong body.—THOMAS HUGHES.

BETTER follow the sternness of a truth than the glittering delusion of a lie. Men often follow lies because they shine.—T. T. LYNCH.

THE SEA'S OWN SON.

By H. D. LOWRY.

It is given to children to inhabit a world more populous than that in which their elders move. For them the fairies may still be met with, and the world's heroes are not dead. And those whose names linger in connection with the little occasional dramas of country history still appear to them as living people. Alfie Penhallow, for example, has been dead these fifty years; yet to the children of Tallywarn, he was—perhaps is even to-day—as real and living a character as their own familiar playmates.

Thus it happens, I can tell you what manner of child he was. He had a pale face, notwithstanding the life he led, and upon it a curious habitual gravity. His head was big, his legs thin and not over-strong. He was shy, too, yet his rare utterances were always remarkably deliberate, definite and emphatic. He often wore a Turkish fez, a habit which appeared strangely ridiculous to the children of his age, with whom, as with their elders, it was deemed the worthiest of ambitions to appear—and as far as possible to be—just exactly like every one else. He had a way of producing wonderful outlandish gewgaws from his pockets in the most casual manner, and the children, who usually disregarded him, were glad enough to listen when he chose to tell them stories of foreign parts. He was a most fascinating *raconteur*: his deliberate and positive style of speech compelled those who heard to believe in his most remarkable deliverances implicitly; and, because he never would hurry, his audience was for ever kept in suspense.

The children worshipped his father, Captain Penhallow, of the schooner *Deliverance*, who would seem to have possessed all those delightful qualities which one expects in a sailor. And the captain was good to them, in the hope that some day, when the boy would need kindness, they would not fail to help him.

For Alfie had been born on board the *Deliverance* as she lay in harbour at Buenos Ayres, and from that time until he was eight years old had lived almost continuously in his father's cabin. For six years the mother also accompanied her husband upon his voyages to and fro over the great sea, but at the end of that period she went to live in Tallywarn, for her father by this time was a very old man. Alfie and the captain used to come here whenever the ship reached Plymouth at the end of a voyage, but the boy's home was upon the sea. In Tallywarn he was always conscious of his weak legs, his big head, his stupid shyness; it was a dreadful trial to

him when his mother had friends in to tea, and insisted on his dancing the hornpipe which his sailor friends had taught him.

Captain Penhallow was by way of being a prosperous man; the grandfather had made money and saved it. And so it was intended that the boy should cut something of a figure in the world. With this purpose in view the captain had carefully taught him to read, and even to do a little ciphering. At the end of each voyage there was always an exhibition (for which the rehearsals only ended on the coach from Plymouth) of the progress made during the last absence. Perhaps the father realized that Alfie was not altogether fitted to fight his battle with the world unaided; at any rate, he postponed the suggestion of a school from voyage to voyage, always declaring that after one more trip the boy should be left in Tallywarn to pick up the necessary education. But he dreaded the parting, and, as for Alfie, he had already a ludicrously exaggerated idea of the horrors of being an ordinary boy and going to school. The threat that he should be left ashore at the end of the voyage always sufficed to reduce him to order if at any time he got beyond control while at sea.

But when he was just eight years old his mother spoke to her husband more seriously than ever before. The son of her younger sister had recently gained a prize at the Tallywarn school, and perhaps some of the inland-dwelling people had been telling plainly what they thought of the mode of education which had hitherto been chosen for Alfie. At any rate, it was only after much talk that she agreed to let the boy go to sea for one last voyage. During the trip the captain was to reconcile him to the idea of staying ashore; and, to do him justice, the bluff sailor did his best. But he knew when the last day had come that Alfie still thought of school-life as a most dreadful servitude. He communicated the knowledge to his wife, and night after night they sat up after the boy was in bed, striving to discover arguments or blandishments which should reconcile him to the change. Meanwhile they saw more and more clearly every day how entirely the boy looked upon himself as born to another lot than the homedwelling children of the town inherited. Their games did not interest him, except as being among the habits of mankind; he would come home and discourse to his parents of the ways and peculiarities of children and Tallywarn, precisely as he had been discoursing to the chil-

dren of the manners and customs of the boys who dive for coppers at Colombo.

And so the two conspirators maintained a guilty silence. The last night of the captain's holiday had come, and Alfy knew nothing of the unhappiness awaiting him. They had seen him collect together certain private treasures which always accompanied him, but neither of them had had the heart to say a word that should enlighten him. They talked it over far into the night, but when at last they turned to sleep, the question of how they should behave was still unsolved.

In the morning they had some faint hope that the boy would sleep on until after the coach should have taken its departure for Plymouth. But they were hardly astride before Alfy entered with his pale face and ancient, serious look to announce that he was ready. The three breakfasted together, and still the anxious looks which were exchanged above his head proclaimed the predicament of his parents. They were full early for the coach, and the breakfast was protracted quite unnecessarily because of the fear the elders had of the task which lay before them. When at last the captain shoved back his chair, he looked meaningly into the face of his wife, and in that look took upon himself the responsibility of breaking the news to Alfy, resolving at the same time that he would trust to the inspiration of the moment.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL once attended a meeting in London in honour of the poet Browning. Some agnostics present spoke disdainfully of Christianity. Mr. Lowell listened with rising indignation to the supercilious and scornful remarks, and, being called upon for his views, said: "I have listened with more attention than patience to some of the remarks made here to-night. Some gentlemen tell us very complacently that they have no need of religion; they can get along well enough without it. Let me tell you, gentlemen, the worst kind of religion is no religion at all; and these men who live in ease and luxury, indulging themselves in the 'amusement of going without religion,' may be thankful that they live in lands where the Gospel they neglect has tamed the beastliness and ferocity of men who, but for Christianity, might long ago have eaten their bodies like the South Sea Islanders, or cut off their heads and tanned their hides like the monsters of the French Revolution. When the microscopic search of scepticism, which has hunted the heavens and sounded the seas to disprove the existence of a Creator, has turned its attention to human society, and has found a place on this planet ten miles square where a decent man can live in

So the three went together through the streets of Tallywarn; Alfy, silent and serious, carrying his treasures in a sailor's bundle, and hanging on to his father's hand. The coach appeared in due season. When it was well-nigh ready for departure, the captain bent down and spoke guiltily to his son: "Run down to Mr. Paynter's and get me an ounce of shag, Alfy, boy. I forgot my pouch."

The boy trotted away obediently. The captain kissed his wife, and took his seat upon the coach, realizing how ill he had kept faith with her, and how clumsy was the expedient to which he had been driven. A moment later he was on the way to Plymouth, oppressed and burdened with a hideous sense of treachery.

Two days later a boat came off to the *Deliverance*, bringing a letter from his wife.

"Come back!" she had written. "The boy came running with the tobacco a minute after the coach was out of sight. I saw his face turn white as death. Then he stumbled and tried to call out, but his voice failed him. As I ran forth to catch him he fell upon his face. God help us, Will, we broke his heart between us!"

That was sixty years ago, yet to this day I fancy there can be few in Tallywarn for whom Alfy Penhallow does not haunt the old starting-place of the coaches.

decency, comfort and security, supporting and educating his children, unspoiled and unpolluted; a place where age is revered, infancy protected, manhood respected, womanhood honoured, and human life held in due regard—when the sceptic can find such a place ten miles square on this globe, where the Gospel of Christ has not gone and cleared the way, and laid the foundations, and made decency and security possible, it will then be in order for the sceptical *literati* to move thither and then ventilate their views. But so long as these very men are dependent upon the religion which they discard for every privilege which they enjoy, they may well hesitate a little before they seek to rob the Christian of his hope, and humanity of its faith in that Saviour who alone has given to man that hope of life eternal which makes life tolerable and society possible, and robs death of its terrors, and the grave of its gloom." A marked impression was produced by Mr. Lowell's address, and nothing more derogatory to religion was heard at that meeting.

WHEN Christ comes we must be found not stripping off the ornaments from our persons, but the censoriousness from our tongues and selfishness from our hearts.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

TRAVELLING IN THE AIR.

THOSE who did me the honour to read the few incidents of journalistic adventure which I had the pleasure to contribute to THE YOUNG MAN last year may be interested to learn that a few days after the number was issued I received, through the courtesy of the Editor, a letter from the foreman of the North-Eastern Locomotive Works at Blyth, in Northumberland, stating that he (the writer) was the fireman on "the special engine" which picked me up at Hartley Colliery thirty-two years ago, and enabled me to beat my rivals who had driven away by road. He remembered the incident well, and I felt much gratification in writing to him from the press gallery of the House of Commons, thanking him, perhaps rather late in the day, for the valuable assistance he rendered on that memorable occasion. In the same article I referred incidentally to two occasions when I was enabled to make balloon ascents. As a mere matter of fact, ballooning with a competent aeronaut such as Mr. Coxwell was safe enough; but as Mrs. Grundy does not think so, and as the glamour has not yet worn off, I will endeavour to revive my recollection of these aerial voyages. In the first place, I was privileged to accompany Mr. Glaisher in one of his memorable ascents for scientific purposes, made during a meeting of the British Association at Newcastle-on-Tyne. It was a calm, fine night in August when the huge "Mammoth," under the control of Mr. Coxwell, Nestor of aeronauts, soared majestically from the earth, hung for a few moments over the grimy expanse of the northern metropolis, and then sailed away into cloudland. Seldom in the experience either of the scientific observer, or in that of the aeronaut, who had made six hundred ascents, had a more sublime spectacle presented itself to the view. We were entirely and completely shut out from sight and sound of things terrestrial. The balloon swung in mid-air. A thousand feet below were soft, fleecy clouds, extending like a snow-covered plain over an immense area, bounded on the one side by masses of cloud hills, tinged with the deep golden hues of the setting sun, and on the other by a beautiful rainbow. High overhead the vast clear blue dome of the empyrean, cloudless and bright, overarched the celestial scene. We had risen from scenes of earth into a realization of the Homeric ideal where—

Heaven's gates spontaneous open to the powers,
 Heaven's golden gates kept by the winged hours;
 Commissioned in alternate watch they stand,
 The sun's bright portals and the skies command,
 Close or unfold the eternal gates of day,
 Bar heaven with clouds or roll those clouds away.

Fain would we have lingered long in a region

so transcendently placid and enchanting. Stillness, not indeed oppressive, but grandly imposing, reigned around. Scarce even a creak of the softly borne balloon disturbed the solemn silence. Our voices, unbounded by any resonant obstacle, floated away in space, and sounded hollow and sepulchral as the voices commonly attributed to ghosts. All sense of fear was gone. Illusion though it was, and you knew it to be, natural association led one to regard the cloudland below as a resting-place where one could lie lazily, dreamily, in security and happiness. Matter-of-fact considerations as to the time at our disposal rendered it necessary to descend into more prosaic associations. Reluctantly, as it seemed, the mighty "Mammoth" obeyed the controlling hand of the master, and sank into a vast mass of clouds. "Enormous vapours roll apart" as we pass through "the thick film," leaving far above us the superb realm of the air, silent and serene in all its vast and solitary grandeur.

So charming to the senses was the gentle flotation through space in poetical surroundings that the three-quarters of an hour above the clouds had passed as a quarter of an hour, and we were surprised to find, on coming again in sight of *Terra*, that we had travelled twenty miles, and were hovering above Lambton Castle, near Durham. We were descending rather too close to a railway station on the main line of the North-Eastern system; and there was just a risk of our grapnel, hanging by a rope sixty feet below the car, catching the telegraph wires. "I think we'll just pop through these clouds, Smith," said Mr. Coxwell to his assistant at the valve-rope, indicating clouds a quarter of a mile above us. Ballast of sand was thrown out; we swooped over the cloud-bank, and emerged in a different part of the country in sight of a mansion and park. It was about dinner-time. We aimed to descend in that park firstly because of the clear open space, secondly because the aeronaut would be likely to obtain a vehicle for the conveyance of the balloon, and thirdly because we must descend somewhere. Careering along towards a field of cut barley intervening between us and the park, the balloon receives a sudden check. The grapnel has caught the telegraph wires on a colliery waggon way. It is a question whether the wires or the rope will break first. That we in the car receive a tremendous bump against the too solid earth is beyond all question. The rope breaks. The flopping "Mammoth," only half exhausted, drags the car bumping and thumping across the barley-field, breaking Mr. Glaisher's instruments and threatening to do as much for our bones. We are pulled up in our mad career

by the plunging of the car into a thorn hedge, high and thick, which tears the skin of the balloon. Mr. Coxwell employs language suitable to the situation. Forth from the mansion come the figures of gentlemen in evening dress. They invite us to dinner. With a couple of columns or more of description to write before 2 a.m.—and it is now 8 p.m.—I am constrained to decline. I make my way to the nearest railway station, begin writing in the station-master's room, continue in the train, and end in the office at 2.15 a.m., barely saving the necessity of adding, "To be continued in our next."

Having thus obtained an interest in ballooning, I was engaged through Mr. Glaisher to take the notes of the meetings of the Aeronautical Society in London; and when some years later the Balloon Society, an entirely different body, organized a balloon race for eight balloons to start simultaneously from different parts of London and the suburbs, I felt bound to volunteer to ascend in one of them. The manager of the *Daily News* declined to incur the responsibility of sending me up as one of his staff, but intimated that if I were determined to go he would make special payment. I need hardly say to journalists who know the generous management of the paper that I was paid handsomely and still more highly rewarded by appreciative acknowledgment. Of the eight balloons entered for the race five got fairly away, the others failing for want of gas or other causes. One was from the Alexandra Palace, another from Clapham Skating Rink, another from Epping Forest, and another from North Woolwich. My luck was to sail on "The Owl" from the Crystal Palace with Mr. Wright, a practical aeronaut of experience. With us also were Commander Cheyne, of Arctic fame, and a substantial young gentleman from Denver, Colorado. We were further favoured at the start with the presence on the ground of Mr. Le Fevre, President of the Balloon Society, to see us off, and with the presence also of a number of scientific men and a large surrounding of holiday spectators. The conditions were that we were to travel from 5 p.m. to half-past 7 p.m., and were to receive a medal if we made a better voyage than any of the other balloons. It was an autumnal evening, and the wind was blowing from the south-west.

We were a few minutes late in getting off, due, as I afterwards learnt for my comfort, to a leak in the "Owl," which had to be repaired before we could start. We three passengers crouched in the swaying car whilst the ballast bags were adjusted. The signal was given for the men holding the ropes to let go, and the balloon sprang up rather languidly into space, just missing the top of the Crystal Palace water-tower.

After that, being then unaware of any repaired leak and consequent possibility of re-opening, I thought we were safe, but yet I cannot honestly say that my nerves settled down so readily and steadily as did those of Captain Cheyne, who had faced six white bears at different times on their native ice, those of the American who sat nonchalantly on the edge of the car, or those of the aeronaut, who knew that the "Owl" might leak again. We sailed away towards the north-east. London passed slowly some twelve hundred feet beneath us with her vast range of housetops, with here and there the oasis of a park, the outline of a square, and the specks of St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and the Houses of Parliament. Immediately beneath, as we crossed the Thames, were the long ranges of docks and of shipping, all dummies to us, and giving no sign of the busy life going on amongst them. Our course took us over the Isle of Dogs, and over Ilford, where the aeronaut resided, and where he said he saw his wife waving her handkerchief. I hope she did not see Captain Cheyne and I wink at this statement, and I don't believe she did. Then, as we went over the cemetery, Mr. Wright told us it contained all that remained of two former fellow-voyagers in the "Owl." They had, however, departed this life in the natural way and had not come to grief by accident, and it was perhaps wrong of the commander and I to wink again. But we did, and so did the American as he descended from the edge of the car.

What is one's sensation in a balloon? First, that if one could conveniently get down to earth again without falling one would be glad to do it. Second, a feeling of instability from the consciousness of having a few thousand feet of nothing underneath one. Thirdly, the same feeling from having nothing but a bag of gas and a few small ropes to prevent one from falling through that nothing. And fourthly, a sense that we are all too heavy for our supports, and that we ought not to move about much. But it is immensely interesting to watch the scenes of earth passing away under you like a huge panorama. From our eyrie height of some two thousand feet we could see the silver streak of the Thames from Southend to Richmond, and long after London had passed away we could still see the same silver streak glittering and shimmering like a thread until it too commingled with the horizon and disappeared. Villages, homesteads, fields, copses, woods and forests, highways, railways, towns, passed under, sometimes within earshot, sometimes barely visible, as our altitude varied. How Lilliputian cattle, sheep, and pigs scampered, snorted, and grunted as the Brobdignagian monster floated over their happy feeding grounds! How poultry of the tiniest type fluttered and cackled in *terrorem* at the

sight of the monstrous hawk, or rather owl, threatening to gobble them all up! So we went on, the aneroid barometer telling us the height, the throwing out of scraps of paper showing us whether we were ascending or descending at the moment, the apparent rushing of the earth underneath giving us an idea of the pace, and the appearance of towns and villages a notion of locality. "Come down here," cried they of Dunmow, sacred to connubial harmony, as we swooped within a few hundred yards of their chimney stacks. But there stood a thick wood, and we could not risk our balloon in that thick wood even for a fitch of bacon. Chipping Ongar might have been approached but for telegraph wires. So up we darted 1,300 feet like a shot. But descend we must, and did. The valve was opened and out rushed the gas, but not enough. It was opened again, and out rushed too much gas. We descended with appalling rapidity, the sand thrown out as ballast flying up in our faces because we fell faster than sand.

And here let me do myself a simple act of justice. While sailing serenely aloft I was nervous, not to say timorous. In this real danger, when a few seconds or minutes at the most would decide our fate, I was cool as a cucumber; I unfastened the seat in the car, and calmly did whatever I was told. Up rose the hard earth rapidly, menacingly, towards us. Our grapnel struck a field of clover. So did we with a deadening thud that shook every bone and fibre of our frames and took away our breath—and our hats. Up again we bounded a hundred and fifty feet. The

grapnel had not caught. We dragged our anchor, and as we sped over a highroad we spied telegraph wires. Mr. Wright was, to use expressive slang, "all there," and was equal to the occasion. Standing at the edge of the car with hair flying in the wind, he drew from his pocket a large clasp knife and cut the rope just in time to prevent the grapnel hooking on to the wires. We dragged bumpingly through a field of standing barley and pulled up in the midst of a group consisting of a gentleman farmer, his wife, family, and servants. A charming and vivacious young lady, Kate by name, was much excited at the arrival of visitors from the clouds. She would have forgiven us, she said, if we had descended in the garden in front of the mansion, and I verily believe she would have signed articles as one of a feminine crew for a balloon voyage with Captain Cheyne to the North Pole. We had run to earth near the village of Bardfield, in Essex, and had travelled forty-five miles in an hour and a half as the crow flies. There was no train available that night, and only just time to telegraph. I had prepared two telegraph forms, one addressed to the Balloon Society and the other to my home. In the hurry of the moment I wrote the messages on the wrong forms. That for the Society, giving a slight account of the voyage, went to my domestic hearth. That intended for home went to the Balloon Society and was sent to the *Observer*, informing a charitable world that I "shall not be home to-night."

J. PULLAN.

THERE are nettles everywhere,
But smooth green grasses are more common still;
The blue heaven is larger than the cloud.

—MRS. BROWNING.

ASK God to show you your duty, and then do that duty well; and from that point you mount to the very peak of vision.—EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

THERE is much help in silence. From its touch we gain renewed life. Silence is to the soul what his mother earth was to Briareus. From contact with it we rise healed of our hurts and strengthened for the fight. Amid the babel of the schools we stand bewildered and affrighted. Silence gives us peace and hope. Silence teaches us no creed, only that God's arms are around the universe. How small and unimportant seem all our fretful troubles and ambitions when we stand with them in our hand before the great calm face of silence! We smile at them ourselves, and are ashamed. Silence teaches us how little we are—how great we are! In the world's market-places we are tinkers, tailors, apothecaries, mere atoms of a mighty machine, mere insects in a vast hive. It is only in silence

that it comes home to us that we are something much greater than this—that we are men, with all the universe and all the eternity before us. It is in silence we hear the voice of truth. The temples and the marts of men echo all night and day to the clamour of lies, and shame, and quackeries. But in silence falsehood cannot live. You cannot float a lie on silence. A lie has to be puffed aloft and kept from falling by men's breath. Leave a lie on the bosom of silence, and it sinks. A truth floats there, fair and stately, like some stout ship upon a deep ocean. Silence buoys her up lovingly for all men to see. Not until she has grown worn out and rotten, and no longer a truth, will the waters of silence close over her.—JEROME K. JEROME.

The Home Messenger for October contains a capital paper on "Failures," by Mr. Bernard J. Snell, an illustrated article on "A Walk Down Fleet Street," a story by Dora M. Jones, and other contributions by Dr. Joseph Parker, Mr. Silas K. Hocking, Dr. A. T. Schofield, Mr. Reid Howatt, etc. There are many illustrations by the best artists. (Partridge & Co. 1d.)

MY FIRST SERMON.

IX.—By THE REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES, M.A.

FOR some reason or other, I have considerable difficulty in recalling many of the incidents of my youth, and my first sermon was prepared and preached when I was very young. At the time of my conversion I was in a boarding school at the Mumbles, near Swansea. Soon after I became conscious that Christ was my Saviour, I was possessed with a deep conviction that He

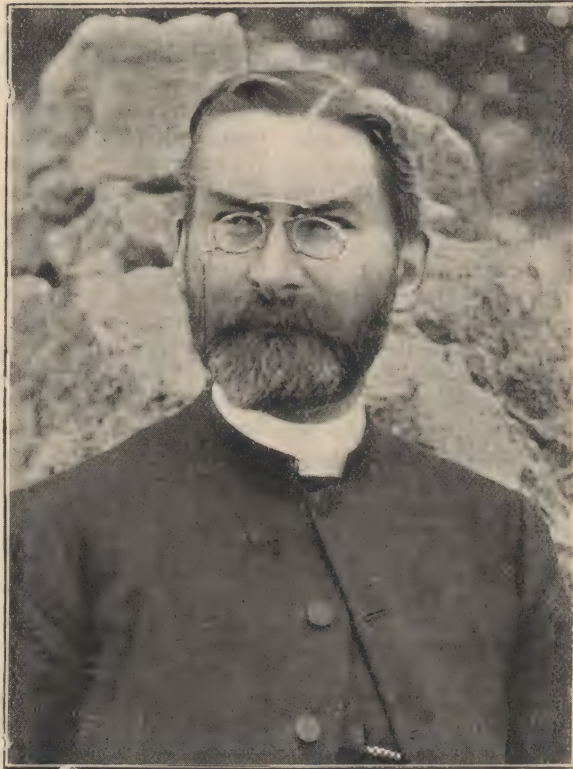
had called me to the Christian ministry. In the early years of my Christian life I had many doubts and misgivings with respect to the reality of my own conversion, but never the least uncertainty with respect to my call to the ministry. When that call came I wrote to my father a letter as brief and direct as schoolboy letters often are, stating that I was convinced it was the will of God that I should become a Methodist preacher. To this my father replied in terms equally laconic, that he would rather that I should be a Methodist preacher than Lord Chancellor of England. That reference arose from the fact that I was then intended for the legal profession.

Having received the prompt and hearty approval of my father, for which I have always been devoutly thankful to him and to God, I began at once to turn my thoughts towards my future calling.

Like all new converts, I was extremely anxious to do something for Christ, and to convey to others the good news of the love of God. As I was one of the oldest pupils, I was permitted a good deal of liberty of action by the head-master, who was at that time a

Methodist, and he gave me every encouragement to prepare for the Methodist ministry. On the side of the hill on which the school stood, there were some small cottages occupied by old sailors, widows and others. I well remember going to an aged widow who occupied a little room on the ground floor of one of these small cottages, and negotiating

with her for the use of her room on Wednesday evenings for the purpose of holding a cottage service. My pocket money did not amount to a large sum, so that the terms of the bargain must have been very moderate, though I do not recall precisely what they were. But I know that after some bargaining she agreed to place the room at my disposal, to put a white cloth on the little table, and to provide me with two candles and a pair of snuffers. The pair of snuffers were of much importance, as there would be loss of dignity as well as danger of burning my fingers if I had to snuff the candles without the use of some instrument other than my fingers. The old



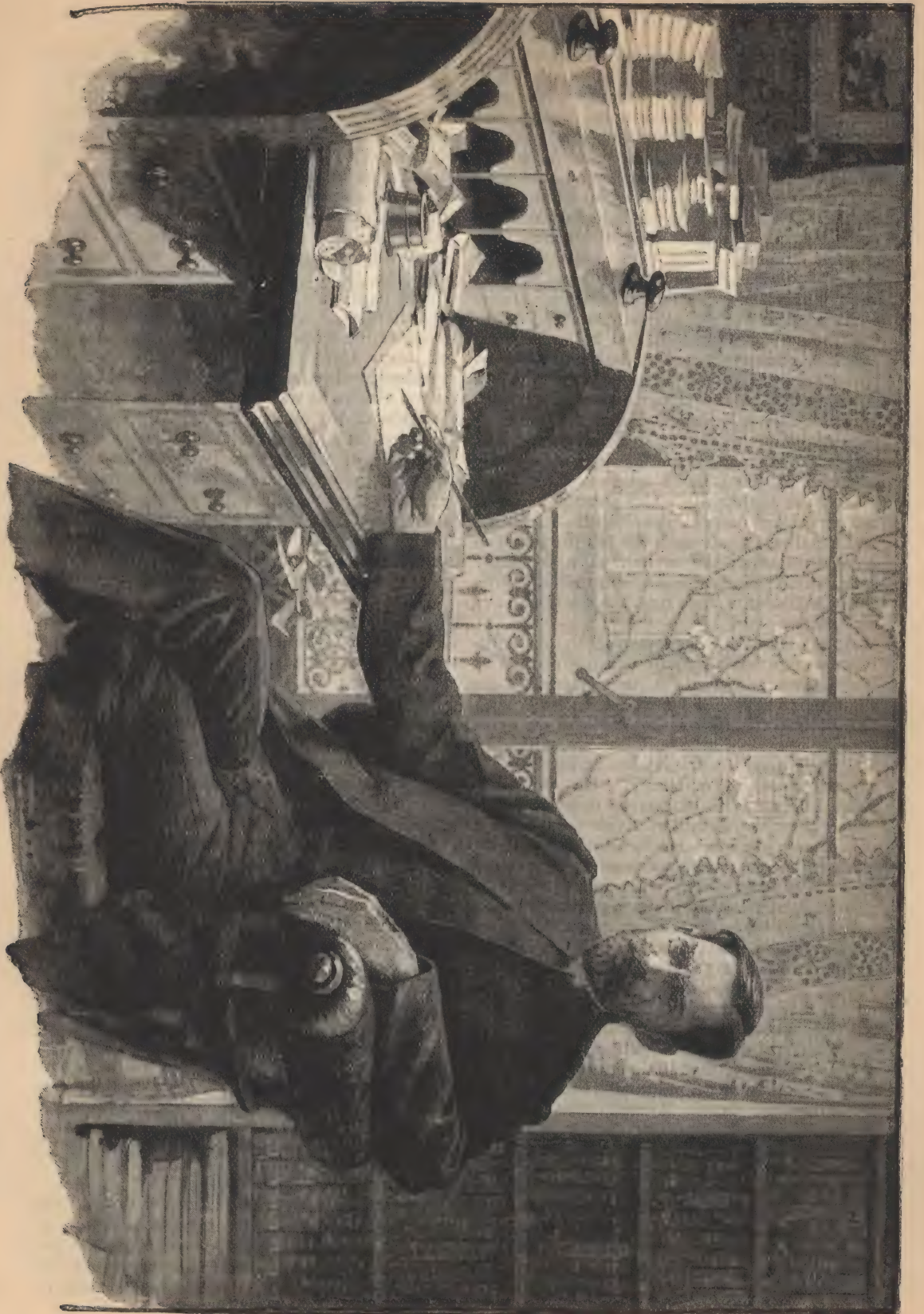
[From a new portrait taken at Grindelwald by FRADELLE & YOUNG.]

Hugh Price Hughes

lady undertook to advertise the services in the adjoining cottages, and to assist in collecting a congregation. I also purchased some tracts, which I distributed from house to house.

I feel now the anxiety with which I looked forward to the eventful hour at which I held my first service. There could not have been a dozen persons in the room, as it would scarcely admit of that number. Perhaps there were six or seven. I recollect only one of

THE REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES IN HIS STUDY.



them, an extremely dilapidated old salt, who had very much difficulty in conveying his limbs to the corner that had been reserved for him near the fire. His legs were crippled by age and exposure, and had a disposition to sprawl all over the place without much reference to his will. He and others who came in, accompanied their movements by audible groans indicative of painful rheumatism. I believe that two boys accompanied me from the school, but am not certain. The text I selected for the occasion was, "It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." I wrote out the sermon at length, and believe I have the MS. somewhere to-day, but have had no opportunity to search among my papers. I submitted it at the time to the head-master, who was then a local preacher in my own communion; and he said that I had clearly and correctly expounded the good news of the Gospel, but that I had totally overlooked the main truth of that particular passage, namely, the trustworthiness of the Gospel. In fact, I had not dwelt at all upon the faithfulness and acceptableness of the saying. I had simply attempted to explain and illustrate the saying that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.

At that time, and for some years afterwards, it was my habit to write out my sermon at length, and to commit it to memory. I am thankful to say that I never fell into what I cannot but regard as the dreadful habit of reading sermons, which I believe, with Dr. Döllinger and Mr. Gladstone, is fatal to the highest practical efficiency. On the other hand, I think it is extremely desirable that young preachers should cultivate accuracy and copiousness of expression by carefully writing, and, if necessary, re-writing their sermons *in extenso*, during the early period of their ministry, until they have obtained such a mastery of utterance as may enable them to dispense with the habit.

I believe that my first sermon took less than twenty minutes to deliver, at the fearful rate at which I was at that time in the habit of reciting what I had written. The sermon dealt immediately and directly with the spiritual needs of that little congregation, and aimed at producing a practical result in their souls then and there. It emphasized what are known as "the doctrines of the Cross," with-

out which all so-called preaching is insipid and useless. I had then, as by the mercy of God I have now, an intense and unlimited faith in my Divine Saviour, in whose realized presence I spoke, and in whose power and desire to save everybody to whom I spoke I had absolute confidence. I am sure that I was influenced by two motives: a desire to please Him who had loved me and given Himself for me, and an intense longing that others should share the release from condemnation and the rapturous happiness which I had found in Him.

I have, of course, to-day a much larger sense of the scope and richness of the Gospel of Jesus Christ than I had then. But I realize that my faith in Him is essentially the same now as it was in the little room on the hillside of my native land. I have an impression that I gained the attention of the audience, of which they gave evidence both by their general silence and by occasional groans and ejaculations. They certainly understood me, for on such occasions intelligibility depends mainly upon intensity of conviction and directness of purpose on the part of the preacher.

That little service was regularly followed by many others. I soon became a Local Preacher on the Swansea Plan, and in due course a candidate for the ministry. I am sorry that I am unable to enter into fuller details with respect to the sermon itself, but I shall be excused my inability to do that when it is remembered that I was about fourteen years of age at the time, and that until the request for some account of my first sermon reached me the subject had been latent in my mind for many years.

I am not sorry, however, to have had my attention re-directed to the first attempt I ever made to preach Christ. I think as we grow older we are in danger of becoming conventional, commonplace, and official. We are apt to lose the glow and fervour and enthusiasm of our first love to Christ. But these features of true Christian faith seem to me so essential that I could most sincerely ask God to remove me from this world rather than allow me to remain in it without the happy confidence in Christ and the sanguine optimism about the future of the human race which led me to preach that first sermon.

BELIEVE me, my friends, there is no such thing as independence till we die. In the grave we shall be independent to purpose—not till then. While we live, the defence and prosperity of our country depends less even on hearts of oak than on hearts of flesh, on the patience which seeks

improvement with hope but not with haste, on the science which discerns what is lovely in character and honourable in act, and on the fine art and tact of happy submission to the guidance of good men and the laws of nature and of heaven.—JOHN RUSKIN.

REMINISCENCES OF VICTOR HUGO.

By REV. H. R. HAWES, M.A.

THERE are just a few men upon whom the world even during their lifetime sets the seal of superlative greatness. Among such have certainly been, in the latter half of our own century, Wagner, Tennyson, Victor Hugo.

Do what we will, they seem to tower amidst the throng of geniuses — some nearly, but few, if any, quite so high. To have known all three of these men, however slightly, to have inspired Victor Hugo with one poem at least which would never have been written but for me; to have been the humble means of bringing Victor Hugo and Swinburne into personal contact — a contact to which we owe some of the most magnificent verses of our greatest living English poet — these must ever remain among the pleasantest recollections of my literary life.

This is not the time or the place for any detailed summary of a life and work that have already taken their places in the history of France, and in the literature of the age. For consistent aim, and for dramatic finish, for unwavering energy and colossal achievement, Victor Hugo's career of productivity has seldom been equalled, and never surpassed. In omnivorous receptivity he reminds us of Georges Sand, but he is more industrious and more stable. In sensibility he is equal to Alfred de Musset, but he is more sincere; in stateliness and melody he rivals Lamartine, but he is more generous; he has the force of Eugene Sue, without his roughness; the versatility of Alexandre Dumas Père, without his levity; the insight of Balzac, without his insane neurosis; the realism of Zola, without his

coarseness. Above all, Victor Hugo from first to last was a true man who vibrated for all things human, high and low, and a grand patriot who loved and suffered for France, and always stood firm for what was noblest in her instincts and aspirations.

He began life as a worshipper of Napoleon the Great, for whom his father fought. I remember well, at Hauteville House, Guernsey, seeing his father's sword lying on the richly-embroidered counterpane of his own bed; it lies there still. The great Napoleon in the early days was to France not "Boney the bandit," as he was to the rest of Europe, but Buonaparte the restorer of order, the enemy of revolutionary chaos and misrule, and at once the apostle of law and the sun of military glory. When the gilt was off the gingerbread, after a defeat in Spain, an immense failure in Russia, an overthrow in Belgium, and the general decimation of his people by conscription and slaughter,—

*Ce peuple que
j'ai tant aimé—**

the great Captain sank at last into the querulous invalid of St. Helena. The new day dawned, and Victor Hugo stood by monarchy, and for some time was actually in receipt of a Royal literary pension. As he thought Napoleon Buonaparte was going to protect the law which meant liberty, so he believed that monarchy was going to respect the liberties of constitutional government. He was even made a Peer of France under Louis Philippe in 1845.

The last disillusion came in the person of

* See his tomb, Pantheon, Paris.

*Mon cher ami, —
4 janvier 1870
Promesse, j'accepte
pour mes gaudes
petits enfants vos cinq
livres sterling. Cela
s'ajoute à la petite
liste civile. En voyant
les moi pour eux. Voici,
en échange, les quelques
vers dédiés par moi.
Bonne nuit et bonne nuit
à vos enfants distingués.
Victor Hugo
Vous prie bien pardonner mon
expression la corrigée.
Je me réserve, cela va sans dire,
le droit de publier ces vers dans
mes œuvres.*

REDUCED FACSIMILE OF A LETTER FROM
VICTOR HUGO.

Napoleon III. "Monsieur Hugo," said Napoleon, the President of the French Republic, in a private interview with the poet, who had for many years taken an active part in politics, and was recognised as a power in Paris, "I know you have the kindness to favour me. Do I seem mad to you? Ought I to be accused of wanting to play the part of the Emperor Napoleon? Napoleon and Washington stand for two types—Genius and Virtue. It is absurd for me to say, I will be a man of genius; it is allowable to say I will be a man of virtue. I could only make myself a Napoleon by—a crime! The Republic is a fixed fact. I am not a great man, but I am an honest man! Between the guilty hero and the good citizen, I choose to be the good citizen."

But Victor Hugo saw through the cheat. The *coup d'Etat* followed, and the vials of Hugo's sublime wrath were poured forth with truly apocalyptic fury in *Napoleon the Little*, and *The Chastisements*.

"My dear Bocage," wrote Alexandre Dumas, "this evening 25,000 francs have been promised to any one who will arrest or kill Victor Hugo; do prevent his coming out." The Duc de Morny, Napoleon's mouthpiece, actually wrote these truly infamous words: "*If you arrest Victor Hugo, do what you will with him.*"

It was soon after this when Napoleon, wading through blood, trampling upon women and children, prosecuting and silencing all that was best in France, confirming his throne by bribery, corruption, imprisonment, banishment, and wholesale murder; it was at such a moment—this adventurer having just got himself accepted by the courts of Europe as Ruler of the French—that Victor Hugo hurled against the Man of December these truly appalling but prophetic words:—

"Let us not slay this man, let us keep him alive. A superb chastisement. Oh! if one day he might pass along the highway naked, bowed down, trembling, as the grass trembles at the wind, under the execration of the whole human race! People stand aside! The man is marked with a sign! Let Cain pass—he belongs to God."

An eye-witness described to me Napoleon the Third as he appeared on the evening before Sedan: An old, bowed down looking man, stooping on his horse, the dye washed out of his hair, his moustache draggled, passing *unsaluted by his own officers*, with the common soldiers grinding their teeth and muttering curses upon him. Had this vision risen before the eyes of the prophet poet in 1852, his words could hardly have been more aptly chosen.

It is surprising that, being supreme in literature, Victor Hugo should have left his personal mark upon politics at all. Wagner left none, but at one time he was as ardent a politician as Victor Hugo; but the French poet figured in politics from first to last; he was a

dreaded power; his house was mobbed, plots were laid to assassinate him; he fronted Parliaments packed with hostile deputies, and electrified them with an eloquence irresistible, incisive, incomparable. He would have been the first orator in France had he not been the first poet, and between the years 1849 and 1853 he produced oration after oration so exquisitely to the taste of his countrymen that he thrilled France throughout its length and breadth.

His fecundity seemed inexhaustible; his speeches ran along like red-hot lava, with explosions as of dynamite at short intervals.

There were two men—it was currently said when I was in Italy in the centre of the Revolution of 1860, at Naples—there were two men whom Napoleon dreaded and hated—Cavour and Victor Hugo. It was generally believed *sotto voce* in Italy, as part of the secret history of the Italian Revolution, that Cavour was bled to death by collusion between his mistress at one end, and the French authorities, who bribed her (30,000 francs was the current sum mentioned at the time), at the other, and it is quite certain that 25,000 was the price put on Victor Hugo by the same intelligent monarch ("Mark's way," as Tennyson says)—that was "Nap's" way. But it must be admitted that the implacable writer, whom Napoleon again and again sought to conciliate in vain, gave the usurper no small provocation. "M. Buonaparte is right," exclaimed Victor Hugo; "there is a personal quarrel between him and me—it is the old personal quarrel of the judge on his bench and the criminal at the bar." We cannot be surprised that the poet politician was hunted from Paris to Brussels, from Brussels to Jersey, and from Jersey to Guernsey. Though repeatedly invited to return to Paris, he steadily refused, but the day after the capitulation at Sedan, Victor Hugo left for Brussels, and in a few days more entered Paris amidst the acclamations of the people.

At this supreme crisis of his country's history, Victor Hugo's political sagacity (usually very sound) split upon the rock of French sentiment. The patriot spoiled the politician. He addressed a noble but futile manifesto to the Prussians, declaring that not the French people, but victims dominated by an Imperial scum, had been at war with them, and he implored them to spare the capital and retire! This was "*bien beau*," but it was not "*la guerre*," and the idea of not seizing the crown of victory which had been worthily won being rejected with contempt and ridicule, the patriot poet at once declared implacable enmity to the conquerors, and tried to raise bleeding and fainting France for a last struggle. Next, he had hopes of the Commune, but unable in the least to control it, he ended by denouncing it. He then

escaped once more to Brussels, where he was nearly murdered by a fanatical mob. But he was not long to be away from his beloved France. Peace being restored, he finally took up his abode in Paris, to be in his last days an object of the most singular idolatry and admiration, all parties vying to burn incense upon his altar. He seemed to touch France at all points. Those who cared not for his politics worshipped his poetry, and those who read not poetry doted on his romances. He was also the soul of charity, and foremost in every civic improvement and social reform. The *Songs in the Twilight* were in all hands. *Hernani*, suppressed for twenty years, ran night after night, Mdle. Sarah Bernhardt having succeeded the celebrated, but superannuated Mdle. Mars of the earlier representation. But I must not be tempted to stray into anything like a criticism, or even an enumeration of those volumes of plays, poems, lyrics, elegiacs, odes, novels, essays, and speeches, which poured in one uninterrupted stream of golden inspiration from this marvellous brain as freely in the land of exile as on the soil of France.

Perhaps, however, I may here quote one exquisite verse, which is remarkable for having saved the life of Barber, a political offender.

On hearing that Barber was condemned to death, Victor Hugo at once wrote the following lines, and sent them to King Louis Philippe.

It was at the nick of time, when the Court were in mourning for the beautiful Marie of Wurtemberg, but rejoicing over the birth of the Count of Paris:—

Par votre ange envolée ainsi qu'une colombe,

Par le royal enfant doux et frère rosseau,

Grâce encore une fois! Grâce au nom de la tombe,

Grâce au nom du berceau!

Louis Philippe read the four perfect lines and pardoned the criminal.

There are, however, some other lines by the poet more personally interesting to me. They will be found in one of his later volumes of poems, and are called "Les Enfants des Pauvres."

In 1870, I being then the editor of *Cassell's Magazine*, the idea struck me of writing to Victor Hugo, to say that I could not offer so great a man an honorarium, but that I had been much interested in his work amongst the poor, and especially in his care for their children in Guernsey, and I should be glad if he would write me a few lines about the children of the poor, and accept a modest £5 note for these little ones in return.

Victor Hugo wrote me the following charming reply, enclosing the (since well known) couplets which appeared in *Cassell's Magazine* in 1870. I have much pleasure in forwarding the original letter to the Editor of THE YOUNG MAN for reproduction.

(To the Rev. H. R. Haweis, Editor of Cassell's Magazine, from Victor Hugo.)

HAUTEVILLE HOUSE,
4 January, 1870.

SIR,—

I accept for my forty little children your five pounds sterling. It shall be added to their little civil list. Send it to me for them. Here I send in exchange the few verses which you desire. Receive the assurance of my distinguished wishes (or as we should write, "with best wishes I remain, etc.").

VICTOR HUGO.

P.S.—You will do well, perhaps, to send me the proof to correct.

I reserve to myself, as a matter of course, the right of publishing these verses in my books.

I at once sent Victor Hugo's MS. verses to Mr. Swinburne, who wrote me back, almost by return of post, a charming letter containing an exquisite and almost word-for-word translation in verse of the little poem. I consider each set of verses amongst the most finished and happily-inspired efforts of either poet. Mrs. Haweis drew two appropriate illustrations, which figured side by side with the poem and its translation, and Victor Hugo was so pleased that he sent us his portrait, inscribed "*Homage à Madame Haweis*," signed by himself.

Between twenty and forty poor children sat down on every alternate Monday to a good dinner at Hauteville House, and it was to this charity that another £5 went. "*Charity!*" said Victor Hugo, "*non! ceci n'est pas de l'aumône, c'est de la fraternité.*"

At the end of the dinner a simple grace was dictated to the children, which they all repeated, as Victor Hugo wrote me: "*Ils ouvrent et terminent le repas par un remerciement à Dieu—simple et en dehors de toutes les formalités religieuses qui engageraient la conscience.*"

On another occasion, repudiating the notion that his little "fraternal" institution was pauperising in tendency, he said, "*Je leurs invite à la joie et au rire, et je leurs dis 'Soyez libres!'*"

I confess, with every desire not to pauperize people with doles, I have great sympathy with the practice of brightening and sweetening the lives of the poor, or with what Dr. Chalmers used to call the "second necessities" of life. We hardly perhaps realize how very few luxuries the poor enjoy, so that they are almost shut up to the luxury of drink, and the gaiety of the warm and well-lighted public house. Victor Hugo's words—"*Soyez libres!*"—seem to carry a moral enfranchisement with them. "Give people," he would say, "when you can, legitimate luxury and pleasure, and you will set them free from the bondage of vicious indulgence!"

A year or two later my wife and I happened to be in Paris, and I sent to Victor Hugo to ask if we might be allowed to wait upon him. He sent word that he would be glad to see us,

if we could call that same evening about nine o'clock at 20, Rue de Clichy—a street in the upper part of Paris, where the air is good.

Passing through an ante-chamber, we found ourselves in a room, cosy rather than large, elegantly furnished à la Louis XIV.—dark red damask-hung walls, ceiling all cased in the same dark red damask, so that one had the feeling of being in a huge bon-bon box. The room was not over-lighted.

Mde. Drouet, a beautiful white-haired lady of between sixty and seventy, who for years acted as the poet's secretary, and remained as a member of his family after the death of Mde. Hugo, received me with the utmost grace and affability. The poet was standing on the hearth-rug; there were only about half-a-dozen other guests in the room at the time. Victor Hugo grasped me sympathetically by the hand, kissed the hand of my wife with French grace and gallantry several times, and asked after Mr. Swinburne, whom he said he had heard much about, but unfortunately he did not himself read English easily. We then fell into conversation about the extraordinary changes that had taken place in the last few years; it had, I remarked, greatly confirmed the faith in eternal principles of waverers, and shamed opportunists to see the downfall of the empire—nay, of two empires—founded upon crime and the collapse of Napoleon III.'s gingerbread throne. "*J'approuve vos sentiments*," said the poet. I only wish I had recorded at the time the few remarks I was privileged that evening to hear. "*Il commence à baisser*," said Ernest Renan to me the next evening, and it was too true. Charming and benign as the old man was, I could see the battle of life was practically ended; the quiet and mellow lights of sunset seemed to have fallen upon him; once only he was unexpectedly roused into something like fervour. We were speaking of the progress of art, and I asked him what he thought of Wagner's dramas and music. A sudden flash in the old man's eye told me I had struck a discord.

"*Je ne veux pas entendre de sa musique*."

"Why?" said I.

"*Parce qu'il a dit beaucoup de mal de la France*."

"But," I urged, "the Republic of Art, like that of letters, should be independent of politics—(and I dared to add) you yourself have taught the world so. Wagner surely belongs, as an art worker, to the whole world."

"*Ne me parlez plus de cet homme là!*" said the sturdy old patriot, and we passed to other topics.

I went next night to see Sarah Bernhardt in *Hernani*. Victor Hugo's famous play had been suppressed for years, and around it had raged storm after storm of political and artis-

tic criticism. It struck me as bombastic and dull, but the Frenchmen applauded it "*frénétiquement*." The only point which roused me was a speech delivered by Madame Sarah Bernhardt at the entrance, if I recollect rightly, of Charlemagne's tomb. The taste for such harangues is peculiarly French; they are very similar to the kind of speech which Victor Hugo used to deliver with such overwhelming effect in the French Chambers. On an English audience they would make very little impression.

In fact, Victor Hugo in an English House of Commons would be about as persuasive as Cicero at an assize court. I always remember a remark to the point made to me years ago at Trinity College, Cambridge, by George Otto Trevelyan about Cicero's orations. "One only wonders how anybody could ever have been convinced by them."

Of course we must always remember that genius is genius, and it is not fair to isolate the action of genius from its environments. It is quite certain that could Victor Hugo have been invited to address the House of Commons, or Cicero one of our courts of law, both would have either refused or adapted their eloquence nicely to the psychic atmosphere and the hour.

Victor Hugo on these reception evenings retired about ten o'clock; and as this was intimated to me, I took care to leave before then.

The poet himself was sensible of no failure in power, and indeed the failure was in quantity of energy, not in quality of work. Like Tennyson, he was good to the end, and he died dreaming, like Richard Wagner, of new worlds to conquer. "*The horizon*," he said, shortly before the end, "*gets larger, and I shall have to pass away without having finished my task*."

Victor Hugo died in Paris. The details of his funeral and of the surprising sensation created, not only throughout France, but the whole civilized world, are too fresh in the memories of many readers to need further notice here. Every name of European note was represented personally or by proxy at the Pantheon, where he was laid to rest—even as Tennyson was laid a few years later in Westminster Abbey.

Amongst the interesting literary tributes from England may be mentioned a message from Archdeacon Farrar—"In honour of one who honoured man as man"; from Sir Frederick Burton, Director of the National Gallery, "*Honour to the memory of the great master*"; from Robert Browning, from Sir Frederick Leighton, and from Lord Tennyson, who wrote under his own name, "*Homage*," and at the top of his card, "*In Memoriam Celeberrimi Poetae*." The late Laureate had previously written of Victor Hugo:—

Victor in Drama, Victor in Romance,
Cloud weaver of phantasmal hopes and fears,
French of the French, and lord of human tears.

If we put Archdeacon Farrar's and Lord Tennyson's estimate of Victor Hugo together, we shall get about the most complete conception of the dignity and the quality of his genius. Victor Hugo was indeed first a man, then a Frenchman, then a poet. In his long career of tireless production contemporaneous nearly with the century of which he was so bright an ornament, he embodied not a phase, but the whole of France. It is perhaps a most hopeful and most significant sign that the man whom the French people most unanimously delighted to honour should have been in his inmost soul fundamentally, though not conventionally religious. Though at war with the priests, and inimical to dogmatic theology, his faith in God and man remained

unshaken to the end. He never wavered, and never despaired, and he lived and died consistently true to his own highest ideals and aims—the service of man, the love of France, faith in God and immortality.

I could not perhaps more fitly close the present fragmentary notice of Victor Hugo than with his own words, simple in their sincerity and sincere in their simplicity, and most truly descriptive of his personal religion:—

"Yes, I was born a Catholic. For a long time, by reason of my education, I remained a Catholic. This is all done with and for ever. Still, I believe in the immortality of the soul, and I believe in God, whom I thank every day for the year of grace He has allotted me, whom I especially thank for allowing me to employ these years in useful work."

Victor Hugo has been called an infidel; if so, it would seem that some infidels are not far from the kingdom of heaven.

CARLYLE: THE MAN AND HIS MESSAGE.—I.

CARLYLE fulfils, perhaps more adequately than any other man of the Victorian era, the popular conception of the man of genius. A great man of letters he was, but his literary achievements were rather the accident of his industry than the prime end of his endeavours. He never conceived of himself, nor did any who knew him intimately conceive of him, as having found any sufficing expression of his genius in his writings. He constantly spoke of writing for bread as a beggarly trade, and he spoke with entire sincerity. He was no mere maker of books. It is notorious that he might at any moment have put an end to the penury of his earlier days, if he had been content to recognise his power of writing as merely a not dishonourable method of earning bread. There are many men who have not only written brilliantly under such conditions, but have done so without any sacrifice of honour or principle, and have won both competence and fame. The difference between Carlyle and such men is a fundamental one, and must be clearly recognised if we are to apprehend him rightly. By nature, temperament, and genius he was a prophet; by accident he was also a writer. He knew himself, and was felt by others, to be a spiritual force. It is true that he brought into literature much that was fine, startling, and brilliant in style; but that is the least part of the matter: he brought also a flaming vehemence of thought, passion, and conviction. There is only one country that could have produced a nature so original and profound; and when the final categories of her greatness are arranged, the name of Carlyle will take rank not so much with her poets and historians

as with her prophets,—not with Burns and Scott, but with John Knox.

So far as genius went, by which we usually understand the possession of intellectual powers of the highest order, there can be no question of the claim of Carlyle. The four great notes of genius are originality, fertility, coherence, and articulation. It is easy to perceive how completely these conditions were fulfilled in him. He is so far original in style and method that there is none with whom we can justly compare him. He followed no master and acknowledged none; his angle of view on all questions was his own; and what he saw and felt he expressed in a fashion which decorous literary persons might well feel to be dazzlingly perverse, eruptive, and even outrageous. As to fertility, the wide range of his industry and its results afford the best evidence; while the main principles of his philosophy are so entirely simple and defined, that from his earliest writings to his last, no one can fail to follow the thread of a fine unity which gives coherence to his teaching. The same claim may be made for Carlyle's power of articulation, or literary expression. A more supreme master of words never lived. His precision, splendour, and suggestiveness of phrase are unapproached. Perhaps to no man has there ever been entrusted a more enormous faculty of speech, or of daring in the use of it. All that is meant by such dry terms as originality and articulation is conveyed to us in the felicitous imagery of James Smetham, where he speaks of Carlyle as "the great Gothic whale, lumbering and floundering in the Northern seas, and spouting his foam fountains, under the crackling aurora."

and the piercing Hypoborean stars." But, after all, it is neither by such terms nor imagery that we reach the true impression of Carlyle. They amply indicate or vividly suggest the mass and strangeness of his genius, but they do not depict the man. Goethe was the first to do that. He discovered Carlyle years before England heard of him, when he was simply an eccentric and unknown young Scotsman, who found astonishing difficulty in earning his bread. Goethe brushed aside, as of relative unimportance, all questions about his genius, and hit the true kernel of the man and his message when he said that he was "a new moral force, the extent and effects of which it was impossible to predict." In other words, Goethe recognised the one main fact about him, that he was a prophet.

If Carlyle had been asked to state what he understood by the word "prophet," he would have laid emphasis upon two things: clearness and vividness of vision in the apprehension of truth, and resolute sincerity in acting on it. Carlyle held that there is within every man something akin to the Demon of Socrates—intuition, spiritual apprehension, a living monitor and guide; and that the man who obeys this inward presence knows by a species of celestial divination where his path lies, and what his true work is. In nothing does the essentially prophetic nature of Carlyle appear more plainly than in these qualities. During the first forty years of his life, forty years spent in the desert of the sorest discipline a man could suffer, there was no moment when he might not have instantly improved his position by a little judicious compromise. But all compromise he regarded with scornful anger. He might have entered the Church, and his spiritual gifts were vastly in excess of those of thousands who find in the pulpit an honourable opportunity of utterance. He might have obtained a professorship in one or other of the Scotch seats of learning, if he had cared to trim his course to suit the winds and tides of the ordinary conventions. He might at any moment have earned an excellent competence by his pen, if he had consented to modify the ruggedness of his style and the violence of his opinions to the standards of newspaper editors and their readers. But in either of these courses he recognised a fatal peril to his sincerity. Poor as he was, he would not budge an inch. He was fastidious to what seemed to men like Jeffrey an absolutely absurd degree over the honour of his independence. He would make no hair's-breadth advance to meet the world; the world must come over to him, bag and baggage. He acted with implicit obedience on his intuition. He had the prophet's stern simplicity of habit. He cared nothing for comfort or success; and when at last success came, his Spartan simplicity

of life suffered no change. If ever man in modern days knew what the burden of prophecy meant, what it is to be impelled to utterance by an imperious instinct for truth, and to be straitened in spirit till the message was spoken, that man was Carlyle. It was in this respect that he differed as much from the ordinary man of letters as Isaiah in his most impassioned moments from the common sermon-writer. The pulpit, the bar, the professor's chair were not for him; therefore he seized upon pen and paper as the only means left of uttering himself to his age. He was perfectly sincere in despising even this as a medium for his spiritual activities. He despised writing as a profession, because he found that when men began to write for bread they became poor creatures, and if they had any real message in them they stifled it to win praise or money. To both praise and money he was contemptuously indifferent. His only passion was a passion for truth, and to speak this with the least possible of those literary flourishes which capture popularity was his meat and drink.

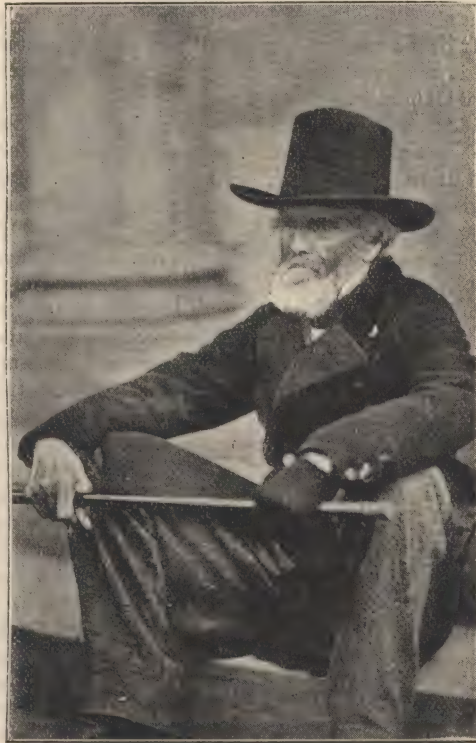
Further than this, Carlyle was both poet and humorist. He could not indeed write verse. He was never able to master the technicalities of the art of metre. He was as little able to write a novel, which next to verse affords a medium for the man of constructive poetic genius. He tried both arts, with rare and partial success in the first, and abject failure in the second. Goethe, who is the only man who could be spoken of even in a partial sense as Carlyle's master, had a serene equipoise of faculty, a fine and supreme artistic sense, which enabled him to succeed equally in poetry, drama, fiction, or philosophy. Carlyle's genius was as remarkable as Goethe's, but its powers lay apart in streaming fire-masses, nebulous and chaotic, and were not co-ordinated into perfect harmony by that artistic sense which was Goethe's highest gift. But fundamentally he was a poet, and among the greatest of poets. He saw everything through the medium of an intense and searching imagination. No one could describe the impression which his *French Revolution* produces on the mind better than he himself has done, when he says, "Nor do I mean to investigate much more about it, but to splash down what I know in large masses of colours, that it may look like a smoke and flame conflagration in the distance, which it is." He cannot even walk in Regent Street without exclaiming, "To me, through these thin cobwebs, Death and Eternity sate glaring." All his personal sensations are magnified into the same gigantic proportions, now lurid, now grotesque, by the same atmosphere of imagination through which they are perceived. His sensitiveness is extreme, poignant, even terrible. When he talks of immensities and

eternities, he uses no mere stock phrases; he hears the rushing of the fire-streams, and the rolling worlds overhead, as he hears the dark streams flowing under foot, bearing man and all his brave arrays down to "Tartarus, and the pale kingdoms of Dis." When he speaks of himself as feeling "spectral," he simply expresses that sense of spiritual loneliness, detachment, and mystery, out of which the deepest poetry of the world has come. To judge such a man by ordinary prosaic standards is impossible. He is of imagination all compact, and his writings can only be rightly regarded as the work of a poet, who has the true spirit of the bard, but is incapable of the orthodox forms of poetry.

It is perhaps even more essential to remember that Carlyle was a humorist of the first order. If one can conceive of any two spirits presiding over the birth of this peasant-child of Ecclefechan, they would be Burns and Swift. That exquisite tenderness and delicacy which makes the best poetry of Burns an imperishable delight, as also that broad human note of sympathy with the unfortunate, of catholic understanding of the primeval hopes and passions of the race, of poignant realism, of unsubduable pride and independence, and honour for all authentic human worth—all this is found in Carlyle. But there is also another element akin to the darker and more subtle strain of Swift. He has much of that intense and scathing scorn, that sardonic and bitter penetration, which made, and still preserves, the name of Swift as a name of terror. Yet even in Swift there was much, very much beside bitterness. Swift also was in a sense a prophet; but, as it were, an inverted prophet. He could not get his message uttered; finally ceased to wish it uttered. He revenged himself in the most bitter, unscrupulous, and often obscene invective which stains the pages of English literature. But mixed with it all there is a vast humour, which can be by turns subtle, elusive, grotesque, broad, and even rollicking. It is so with Carlyle.

It was said of him by his friends that when he laughed it was Homeric laughter—the laughter of the whole soul and body in complete abandonment of mirth. This deep, wholesome laughter reverberates through his writings. No man is quicker to catch a humorous point, or to make it. A collection of Carlyle's best stories, phrases, and bits of personal description, would make one of the most humorous books in the language. He makes sly fun of himself, of his poverty, of the unconscious oddities of the obscurest people, and equally of the greatest. His raillery is incessant, his eye for the comic of supreme vigilance. Of the obscenity of Swift there is no trace;

it was not in Carlyle to beget unwholesome thoughts. But in the strange mingling of the wildest fun with the most penetrating thought, of sardonic bitterness with the mellowest laughter, of the most daring and incisive irony with deep philosophy and serious feeling, there is much that recalls Swift, and suggests his finest qualities. With Swift the bitterness closed down like a cloud, and extinguished the humour, with the result of that tragic madness which still moves the pity of the world. With Carlyle the humour was always in excess of the bitterness, and supplied that element of saving health which kept his genius fresh and wholesome amid many perils not less veritable than



AN UNPUBLISHED PORTRAIT OF CARLYLE.

those which destroyed Swift.

There is one respect in which it is the more necessary to recollect this element of humour in Carlyle, if we are to judge him correctly, because most of the harsh and unfair judgments passed upon him have directly resulted from its neglect. It must be remembered that Mrs. Carlyle had many qualities in common with her husband, and not the least of these was a similar power of irony and humour. She was accustomed to speak of Carlyle in a fashion of the freest banter. When his lectures were first announced in London, there was much speculation among his friends whether he would ever remember to begin orthodoxly with "*Ladies and Gentlemen,*"

to which Mrs. Carlyle replied that it was far more likely he would begin with "Fool creatures come hither for diversion." Her satiric comment on the success of the business was that at last the public had apparently decided that he was a man of genius, and "worth being kept alive at a moderate rate." Is it not conceivable to a person of even moderate intelligence that the conversation of two persons so witty, keen-tongued, and given to satiric burlesque and banter as the Carlyles, was in no sense to be taken literally? Is it not further conceivable that many things which look only bitter when put into print, had a very different effect and intention when uttered in the gay repartee of familiar conversation? The fact is that the Carlyles habitually addressed one another with irony. It is no uncommon thing between intimates: it is rather a sign of the security of the affection which unites them. But if, by some unhappy accident, a third person who has no sense of humour hears this gay clash of keen words, and puts them down in dull print, and goes on to point out in his dull fashion that they do not sound affectionate, and are phrases by no means in common use among excellent married persons of average amiability, it is easy to see that the worst sort of mischief may readily be wrought. Thus, for example, when Mrs. Carlyle lay ill with a nervous trouble which made it impossible for her to close her mouth, Carlyle, who knew nothing of this peculiarity of her disease, stood solemnly at the foot of her bed one day, and said: "Jane, ye'd be in a far more composed state of mind if ye'd close your mouth." This story is told, forsooth, as an illustration of the harshness of Carlyle to his wife. So far was Mrs. Carlyle from interpreting it in any such way, that she tells it herself with inimitable glee, and is keen to describe its ludicrous aspect. And as in this instance, so in a hundred more that might be analyzed. Humour was a dominant quality in all the conversations of Carlyle, and in almost equal degree of his wife's also; and it is only by recollecting this that it is possible to judge rightly a married life which was passed in an atmosphere and under conditions peculiarly its own.

The impression which Carlyle made upon his contemporaries is the best comment on this

imperfect analysis of his character. The most serious men of his time recognised him as a modern John the Baptist, and even a worldly ecclesiastic like Bishop Wilberforce described him as "a most eminently religious man." Charles Kingsley honoured him as his master, and has drawn an admirable portrait of him as Saunders Mackaye in *Alton Locke*, of which description Carlyle characteristically said that it was a "wonderfully splendid and coherent piece of Scotch bravura." His gospel is contained in *Sartor Resartus*, of which it has been pertinently said that it "will be read as a gospel or not at all." A calm and penetrative critic like James Martineau witnesses to the same overwhelming religious force in Carlyle, when he speaks of his writings as a "pentecostal power on the sentiments of Englishmen." On the truly poetic nature of his genius all the great critics have long ago agreed. How could it be otherwise in regard of writings whose every second paragraph kindles into the finest imaginative fire? His power of imagery is Dantesque; his range is truly epic; the very phrases of his diaries and letters are steeped in poetry, as when he speaks of John Sterling's last "verses, written for myself alone, as in star-fire and immortal tears." The testimonies to his power of humour, so far as his conversations are concerned, are much too numerous for recapitulation. His own definition of humour was "a genial sympathy with the under side"; and this vivid sympathy expressed itself in his use of ludicrous and extraordinary metaphor, and in his keen and "delicate sense of absurdity." His most volcanic denunciations usually "ended in a laugh, the heartiest in the world, at his own ferocity. Those who have not heard that laugh," says Mr. Allingham, "will never know what Carlyle's talk was." Prophet, poet, and humorist—so stands Carlyle before the world, a man roughly hewn out of the primeval earth, conceived in the womb of labour and hardship, yet touched with immortal fire, fashioned in the rarest mould of greatness, tenderness and heroism: clearly the most massive, impressive, and fascinating figure in nineteenth century literature. It remains for us to see what his writings teach us, and what is taught yet more forcibly by the epic of his life.

W. J. DAWSON.

A NEW volume of *The Young Woman* commences with the October Number, now ready. This Number contains a fully illustrated article on "The Home Life of the Princess of Wales"; a complete story by Mr. S. R. Crockett; an illustrated interview with Mr. Hall Caine; an article on Woman's Work in the Home, by Archdeacon Farrar; the opening part of a new serial story by L. T. Meade, entitled "A Girl in Ten Thousand"; a paper on "The Ideal Husband," by

Lady Jeune; "The Wives of our Leading Novelists," portraits of Mrs. J. M. Barrie, Mrs. Thomas Hardy, Mrs. R. L. Stevenson, and Mrs. Walter Besant; and brief letters on "Hobbies," from Ellen Terry, Edna Lyall, Mrs. H. M. Stanley, Mrs. Katharine S. Macquoid, Mrs. Haweis, Mrs. Fenwick Miller, Mrs. Wynford Philipps, and Katharine Tynan. The first edition of this number consists of 80,000 copies. (Partridge & Co. 3d.)

JOURNALISM IN THE UNITED STATES.

A CHAT WITH DR. ALBERT SHAW.

NOTHING in journalism is more indicative of the time in which we live than the fact that the blue ribbons of the Press are held by young men. The interviews in THE YOUNG MAN last year with the younger editors of to-day show to how large an extent they have replaced men above forty years of age. In the United States the same



DR. ALBERT SHAW.

tendency is to be observed, and of concrete examples none is more convincing than the editor of the magazine which exerts most influence over the great American Commonwealth — the *American Review of Reviews*.

Dr. Albert Shaw, before Mr. Stead secured his co-operation, was editor of the *Minneapolis Tribune*, and is well known as the writer of articles in the *Century* and *Contemporary* on questions of municipal administration and political economy. He was also lecturer on political economy at the John Hopkins University, Baltimore. The position of the *Review of Reviews* in America will not be realized unless two facts are grasped. Firstly: although in some respects there is a resemblance between the English and American editions, Dr. Shaw edits his magazine on lines of his own, and introduces matter which does not appear in the English edition. Secondly: it must be remembered that opinion in the States is not focussed in one capital, as it is in London. Though exception may be taken to the remark, London is practically the voice of England. In the States the large cities stand isolated. The distances between them are so great, that each has an independence of thought impossible in a smaller area. It follows, then, that it is somewhat difficult to know what the opinion of the States is as a whole on any particular matter. The vastness of the country also accounts for the fact that no one paper circulates in sufficiently large numbers throughout the States to make its influence much felt. American papers are all provincial rather than national.

Now in the *American Review of Reviews* the editor tries to focus the opinion of the whole Commonwealth. He has the instinct for gathering together the threads of contemporary history and thought, and weaving them into a web, the

sequence of which may be seen by all. In this way Dr. Shaw has gained the ear of the United States, and justifies my use of the expression that he is the editor of the magazine which exerts most influence over the American Commonwealth.

Some time ago the Doctor was taking a pleasure trip on the Continent, combining it with a study of European municipal life. While passing through London he was good enough, over the dinner table, to give me some information on journalism in the States, which his wife endorsed.

"Is the race to the young in American journalism as with us, Doctor?" I said.

"Yes, that is the tendency," he replied. "The reason is that nearly all our journalists commence as reporters. Reporting is the foundation of our journalism. But reporting with us is not the same thing as reporting with you. Our reporters are all descriptive. They make pictures, and are at liberty to make of an incident what Dickens would have made of it. The activity and alertness required for this naturally keeps it in the hands of young men, and these are gradually promoted to the higher posts. Besides, young professional men are attracted to the work, for in many cases they are able to make more by journalism than by their profession, and with less expense. All journalists do not pass through the lower stages. Some make a line for themselves by special subjects, and so obtain leading positions. But untried men are never put into responsible posts. I do not know of any appointments like those of Mr. Buckle to the *Times*, and Mr. Cust to the *Pall Mall*."

"But your devotion to the descriptive reporter takes away from the seriousness of your journals?"

"Yes, it does. It is overdone. It irritates me. A great change has come over our press. The war and the events which led up to and followed it produced a number of great editors like Horace Greeley. These gave individuality to their papers. But our papers now have, with few exceptions, no individuality. They are no longer edited, but managed, and hence the position given to the mere reporter. Even the *New York Tribune* exerts no influence through its editorial columns, but as a literary miscellany it has a vast circulation."

"Perhaps Americans don't read newspapers for opinions."

"No, they do not. They read facts, and form their own opinions. But the way in which news is served up makes it difficult to form an opinion.

It is the object of the *Review of Reviews* to point out the bearing of this disconnected information."

"How do your papers treat religious news and movements?"

"They give space to information about such things just so far as it affords good copy. But they do it from a commercial point of view, and not from any interest in the matter itself. The fact is that our papers are run like other businesses—to pay, and not to promote opinion."

"And that reason, I suppose, accounts for the fact that they do not take a lead in municipal and social questions?"

"Yes. Americans have not yet come to realize that they live in towns and cities. They began with a country life, and are not aware of the change. But they are waking up. It is almost impossible to tell how we are governed municipally now."

"How do you account for the difference between English and American papers?"

"This way. We solved the great questions which you are fighting, long ago. I mean, we have no privilege—that is theoretically. Our government is decentralized and localized, and we have no fancy franchises. The existence of privilege in England divides your parties sharply. So your papers have at present a policy to advocate or defend. There is no real division between our parties."

"How is it that in the land of the Puritan the Sunday paper has such a hold?"

"Our Sunday papers began during the Civil War. Our armies were made up of the husbands and sons from all classes. Few families did not send recruits, and so all over the land there was intense interest as to the progress of the war, and more anxiety as to the safety of friends and relatives. This was not a war by proxy. Even Sunday did not make a mother forget that her son or husband was at the war; and intelligence was eagerly sought for, whatever the day."

As I thought over this, and the strange nature of those who would object in God's name to Sunday papers at such a time, I remembered the prayer of *Robert Falconer's* grandmother in pleading for her son: "O God, gin ye was a mither yersel'."

Continuing, Dr. Shaw said:—

"It is strictly true to say that the main supporters of the Sunday papers to-day are Sunday observers. They are such a part of American life that it is doubtful if they will ever be dis-

continued. These Sunday papers are really literary and general miscellanies, and differ little from periodical literature."

"But do not the Trades Unions oppose a seven-day paper from a labour point of view?"

"No; workmen read them as much as any other people, and as I have said, it is so taken for granted that it causes no comment. Besides, the men get one day in seven, and need not work seven days unless they like."

"Do you believe in anonymous or signed journalism?"

"Well, I think a man ought to wash the dishes as well as play the journalistic piano. I regard a newspaper staff as a brotherhood, and not as an oligarchy. When a man merely voices the policy of the staff, I do not see why he should have the sole credit of it. There are times for signing and times for anonymity. When a man has made a special study of a subject, the question is different, and I think he should get the credit for his work."

"What do you think of our English papers?"

"Well, they are so good that it's a pity they are not better."

"Which means?"

"That as far as editorials go they could not be better. But I should like to put a few of our best city editors on to them. Our city editors are not financial men as with you, but men who are out and about town, and write up the day's history. I should like one of your dailies to give, say two pages, to one of these city editors, and keep the rest of the paper as they please. The reports of meetings want more writing up. But it is a mistake to suppose that history is made up of big meetings. It is not the exceptional, but the casual and ordinary that make up life. Each day's paper ought to be a picture of the preceding day's history. In London there is plenty of material and room, I believe, for such a paper."

"What do you consider to be the essentials for a good journalist?"

"Nothing different from what will make a man successful in other spheres. But he must have versatility and energy and adaptability. He must be able to see the cause and effect of things, and have very keen intuition."

Two days after my interview the Doctor returned to New York to put his theories once more into practice.

P. L. P.

The Cartoons of St. Mark is the title of a handsome volume of Sermons by Dr. R. F. Horton (London: James Clarke & Co., 13, Fleet Street, E.C.). We cordially commend it to the prayerful study of thoughtful young men. The title, in its suggestion of the famous cartoons of St. Mark's, is a very happy inspiration, for Dr.

Horton has explained the great pictures of St. Mark's Gospel just as a capable and enthusiastic art critic might explain the paintings in the cathedral at Venice. We are not exaggerating when we say that the Gospel of St. Mark is more real and vivid to us after reading this noble and inspiring book.

IN SEARCH OF TRUTH.

BY THE REV. R. E. WELSH, M.A.

V.—WAS JESUS ORIGINAL?

THE question, whether Jesus was original, may strike the devout as sacrilegious. But it is the question which is put, and put reverently, by an increasing number of studious minds. To-day for a shilling one may buy *Marcus Aurelius*, *Seneca*, or *Epictetus*, or, for a trifle more, volumes containing the best things in the Talmud, or in Buddhist, Persian, or Hindu sacred writings. It is a memorable and critical hour when the adventurous novice makes his first acquaintance with such books. Perhaps in Farrar's *Seekers after God*, or Brace's *Unknown God*, possibly even in Keningale Cook's more ponderous volume, he discovers the striking resemblance that exists between the ethical teaching of Jesus and that of other Masters. Here are a few specimens.

Persian.—“Do as you would be done by.” “Immodest looks are sins. To think evil is to sin.” “In always doing of good works be diligent, that it may come to thy assistance in the heavens.”

Buddhist.—“Overcome anger by love, falsehood by truth, good by evil.”

Chinese.—“The good man loves all men. All within the four seas are his brothers. Love of man is chief of all the virtues.”

Talmud.—“Whosoever is quick in forgiving, his sins also shall be forgiven.” “With the measure with which a man measures, men will measure to him.” “Its trouble sufficeth for each hour.”

The Talmud loudly denounces the “plague of Pharisaism,” “lip-serving,” and “making the law a burden to men.” Even several of the parables in the Gospels have their equivalents in the Sacred Books of Egypt and in the Talmud. From the latter source comes the following:—

“A sage walking in the market-place, crowded with people, suddenly meets Elijah, and asks him who out of that vast multitude would be saved. The prophet first points to a weird-looking turnkey—‘Because he is merciful to his prisoners.’ Next he points to two common-looking tradesmen, who are pleasantly chatting as they thread their way through the crowd. The sage runs up to them and asks what special good works they have done to save them. Puzzled, they make answer—‘We are but poor workmen who live by our trade. All that can be said for us is that when we meet anybody who seems sad, we join him and cheer him so long that he must forget his grief. And if we know of two people who have quarrelled, we talk to them

and persuade them, until we have made them friends again.’”

With such parallels as these before us, and with the “Parliament of Religions” still fresh in our minds, can we combat Mrs. Besant's statement that “all that is fair and beautiful in Christian morality had been taught in the world ages before Christ was born”? Was Professor Clifford incorrect in affirming that the moral teaching of the Sermon on the Mount is just Rabbi Hillel recast? And if in moral teaching Jesus be not original and unique, how can He be peculiarly divine? If He be “an absolute,” as Matthew Arnold claimed that He was, if He be *sui generis*, what differentiates Him from those whose gleams of truth are so like His own? Many troubled minds have been driven back from miraculous Christianity to the Sermon on the Mount, and rest contentedly in it as the sure and pure and original religion of Jesus. But if it be taken away, what more have they left?

Before arguing the question, it must be frankly stated that the above quotations are not representative specimens of the whole. Such sifted selections from the Bibles of other nations are liable to mislead those who inquire no further. We receive our disenchantment when we set aside the tit-bits and peruse the “Sacred Books of the East” in their entirety. Professor Max Müller has lately admitted that in editing these he has been compelled to exclude portions too shameful to bear publication and escape prosecution. As well compare the Sahara with England, because there are delicious oases relieving the barren desert.

The Talmud, which contains the saying that “it is better to be persecuted than to persecute,” is yet confessedly “a gigantic rubbish-heap.” Those who have studied it with patriotic sympathy allow that it is a literary wilderness. Nor must we forget that it is the heir of the Old Testament, and at many points its debtor.

The Essenes of Palestine, from whom Christ is by some supposed to have borrowed, while they condemn war, oaths, and the acquisition of wealth, and declare that all are priests to God alike, yet pay adoration to the sun as “a mediate God,” live the lives of ascetic celibates, condemn all commerce and cities, and practise communism in food, property, and all else.

Confucius, who proclaims our Golden Rule

in almost identical form, is at the same time an Agnostic as to God and the Future, and at best is but a sagacious statesman and prudential moralist.

Plato teaches that "it is not right to return an injury"; "holding the soul to be immortal and able to bear all good and evil alike, we shall always persevere in the road that leads upwards" (*Republic*). But it is the same Plato who insists that "the evil body must be left to die, and the evil soul must be put to death"; that "the offspring of the bad must be exposed, and there must be a public nursery, and no mother must know her own child." A close scrutiny of the Persian (Zoroastrian), Egyptian, and Hindu Scriptures leads to the same result. They catch sight of single facets of the truth, and to that extent command our reverent admiration; but when their entire teaching is set side by side with that of Christ's, the difference is more striking than the resemblance.

This point, however, does not solve the problem, for these stars of truth still shine bright in a dark place, and some of them seem to anticipate the ethical flashes of Christ.

But why should we expect Christ to proclaim moral principles which had never been expressed by any seer before? Would it be any comfort to us, or any tribute to the Divine Revealer, to suppose that even the prophetic souls among other races of humanity had been incapable of perceiving the moral principles upon which they were meant to live, until Christ came to startle the world with novel ethics? To be true and divine, must His moral teaching be altogether new and unforeseen? Must Christ Jesus, like Athanasius, teach "*contra mundum*," and *contra* the moral intuitions inwoven into man's being? That would be to exalt Christ at the expense of God's workmanship in man's constitution. Christ's supremacy is diminished not a whit by the discovery that God has given hints and foregleams of full-orbed truth to other seers among the sons of men.

Strange irony it is that Protestants, who deny that grace is confined to the Church and its sacraments, should limit Divine illumination to the Christian section of the Father's family, and should even endeavour to prove "pagan" truth to be error, and "pagan" glimpses of God to be masked deceptions of the devil! The New Testament is more liberal than that. The "Word" is not merely the local Jesus, but "the light that lighteth every man, coming into the world."

In Vedic verse, in dull Koran,
Are messages of good to man;
The angels to our Aryan sires
Talk'd by the earliest household fires;
The prophets of the elder day,
The slant-eyed sages of Cathay

Read not the riddle all amiss
Of higher life evolved from this.

"At sundry times and in divers manners," His prophets, not only Jews, but Zoroaster and Confucius, Seneca and Confucius, have had foresight of higher truth to come. If in the interests of Christ's uniqueness it is not needful to depreciate Hebrew Psalmists and Seers, there is as small need to depreciate the Book of Thoth, the Zend Avesta, or the Rig Veda, which, while containing some flashes of light, yet on the whole come far short of the Old Testament in spiritual vision. As, according to both Genesis and Science, there was light before the sun, so there was moral illumination in the human spirit before Christ. And as light became centralized for our system in the sun, Christ gathered all light into His central fulness, and now radiates it to warm and cleanse the life of humanity.

Nor need it lessen what he taught,
Or make the Gospel Jesus brought
Less precious, that His lips re-told
Some portion of the truth of old;
Confirming with His own impress
The common law of righteousness.

One of the distinctive features of Christ's moral teaching is that He seems to gather together in one the scattered truths and varied principles which other seers had separately perceived. Spinoza says that Jesus is unique in that, while other Masters bring fragments of the divine, He brings the whole rounded mind of God. Is not His comprehensive union of the best that has come from seers in all lands the real marvel and a mark of His supremacy? What each of the world's prophets partially saw and strove to utter is found stated more spiritually and universally by Christ. This point is put with simple grace in Whittier's "*Miriam*," a poem which I have to confess I had never discovered till after this paper was first written, and from which I cannot but quote again.

We search the world for truth; we cull
The good, the pure, the beautiful;
And, weary seekers of the best,
We come back laden from our quest,
To find that all the sages said
Is in the book our mothers read,
And all our treasures of old thought
In his harmonious fulness wrought
Who gathers in one sheaf complete
The scattered blades of God's own wheat,
The common growth that maketh good
His all-embracing Fatherhood.

In the case of single threads in the tapestry of His teaching, you may find the like in other Masters; but in none can you find these threads set in such a comprehensive design and woven into such a fabric as His.

He spiritualized ethics, broadened and universalized moral truth. It is not merely that He makes the Golden Rule positive, while others leave it negative; nor that He lays the

inward motives and intentions under the same ethical laws as outward conduct. Matthew Arnold is surely overstating the case in claiming that Christ's specialty is "inwardness." Other masters taught "inwardness," though not to the same perfection. Says the Talmud: "In every act it is especially the thought, the intention, which God looks at."

But when we set their choicest ethics in "the fatal parallel columns" with Christ's teaching, we perceive in His a pervading light as from a glowing spiritual sphere, the warm and subtle rays of heaven irradiating the cold rules of earthly duty. He takes confused and halting principles, and sets them in clearness and true perspective, and lifts them into the light of the Divine Face.

Truth is to Him not a mine of Ophir for the adventurer of speculative thought, but an equipment for life, the means of attaining the grandest end of all, namely, goodness of character and the vision of God. He does not go about *seeking* truth: He brings it. It is not the slow summing up of observation and experience: it wells out from a fountain within Himself. It is not laboriously forged in the study beside the night lamp. His utterances are *obiter dicta*, thrown off by the way. At a well's mouth, in the street, along a country road, or rocking in a boat by the beach, He drops sayings that glance far into the heart of things, lighting up the mind of God and the career and destiny of man—and all with the apparent ease and spontaneity suggestive of infinite wealth in reserve.

Greater distinction still: He Himself embodies all ethics in His own character, and personifies His ideal. He is higher than all His laws. Seneca, spite of his ethical wisdom, fell so far as to become the author of the shameful document in which Nero's murder of his mother was covered with falsehoods. Christ not only speaks the truth, but He *is* the Truth in His own self. Never man spake, all round, like this Man; and never man so outshone his words by the lofty perfection of his character and the unique divineness of his Personality. It is He in the quality of His own being that stands unique, original, "alone with the stars."

Equally original is His way of setting all ethics in a direct personal relation to the Father, and of evoking goodness of life by awaking love and devotion to Himself. It is the Copernican *versus* the Ptolemaic systems of astronomy over again. Ptolemy saw the same stars as Copernicus, but introduced cycles and epicycles to explain their complicated movements. Copernicus ranged the planets round the right centre, and all fell into place with beautiful simplicity. Christ took the very intuitions and experiences which the seers of other lands had partially expressed,

and He set them in relation to the great Centre, the living mind and sympathetic heart of the Father as imaged in the Son.

Plato made an effort to maintain the myths of the gods; but it was with an obvious consciousness that he was cultivating make-believe. Christ, on the contrary, gives historical background to His theology, sets it in historical actuality. Christ's picture of the Unseen is drawn, not as from the fancy of speculation, but as from the fact of real life. At the end we are left with a God no longer like the Shadow of the Brocken, or the dream of a poet, but a *living* God, palpitating with reality. Other Masters, to use Newman's words, "present no tangible history of the Deity." In Christ we are shown the "Life of God" so far as it actively concerns us human beings.

The ultimate secret of Jesus, however, lies deeper still. "Our life," said Byron, "is a false nature; 'tis not in the harmony of things;" and he knew only too well what he was speaking about. This discord in human nature, by us called sin, is the world's common problem, yours, mine, Buddha's, Plato's.

It is Christ's peculiar glory that He not only solves the problem but cures the disease. His point of attack all along is not so much an error in the philosophy of it as the impotence of men in dealing with it. His great secret lies not so much in the Sermon on the Mount as in His nocturnal talk with Senator Nicodemus. The Magna Charta which contains most of Christ, and in which He rises to altitudes beyond the dreams of others, is embodied in those words before which every man, whatever his creed, must bare the head:—

God so loved the world
That He gave His only begotten Son,
That whosoever believeth in Him
Should not perish but have everlasting life.

Such words as these were never heard on earth from any other. Buddha, too, was a man of sorrows. But he has no message of the conquest of sin by which the spirit of man may survive in conscious happiness and eternal life. There are stories in India and Greece of the gods coming down to men. But not one of them has a clear, verifiable historical setting—and they stand forth rather as dim prophecies of the truth than as parallels to Christ.

No other ever dreamed of the Eternal God as sharing the misery and bearing the sins of mortal men. Neither Buddha, nor Zoroaster, nor Plato, much less Seneca and Hillel, ever imagined the *Cross in God's nature*. And not only did Christ imagine it, He *acted* it, bore it. He did even more—He distributed a new Power by which its cleansing force might be conveyed to men's hearts.

With such facts before us, we can scarcely question His uniqueness and originality.

DOCTOR DICK:

A STORY OF THE CORNISH MINES.

By SILAS K. HOCKING,

Author of "One in Charity," "For Light and Liberty," "Where Duty Lies," "For Abigail," "Her Benny," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WAY OF TRANSGRESSORS.

TREVANION was surprised to find his patient so young a man. He did not look a day more than thirty-five, though, as a matter of fact, he had just turned forty; he was somewhat stout, though well proportioned, with a heavy jaw and small grey eyes. He was evidently in great pain of body, and in not less distress of mind. Turning his eyes eagerly towards Trevanion as he entered the room, he said beseechingly,—

"Oh, Doctor, you must pull me through. Say you will! I know I am badly hurt, but don't say I shall not get better, please don't."

"Rest assured I will do the best I can for you," Trevanion answered kindly; "but keep your heart up. Very likely I shall hurt you a little bit in trying to find out the extent of your injuries. But I will be as gentle as possible."

"I don't care how much you hurt me," was the reply, "if you will only pull me through. I am not frightened at pain. God help me! it's death that I'm frightened of."

For awhile there was silence in the room, except for an occasional moan. But the sick man scanned the doctor's face eagerly and anxiously, as though he would read every thought that was passing through his mind.

"You will be able to pull me through, won't you?" he asked at length, unable to keep silence any longer.

"I will do my best," Trevanion answered, moving round with his back towards the light.

"But you think you will, don't you?" the man pleaded. "Say that you *think* I shall get better."

"I am sorry to say you are very badly hurt," Trevanion answered evasively. "I cannot hide from you the fact that it is a very serious case."

"Oh, I know that. I've known it from the first," the man wailed. "But I am not going to die, am I? Oh, tell me that I'm not going to die."

"We must all die some time," was the answer.

"Yes, I know that; but why do you fence so? Am I really in danger? If I am, I suppose I'd better know."

"You are in very great danger," Trevanion answered quietly; "so great, indeed, that if you have any business affairs to settle, you should attend to them at once."

"At once?"

"Yes, at once. Delays are always dangerous.

And you will not die any sooner by setting your affairs straight."

The man shut his eyes and lips at the same time—shut them firmly and determinedly. Evidently he was fighting a battle with himself, and meant, if possible, to win.

Trevanion felt helpless. His patient was so crushed—his horse having rolled over him—that recovery was absolutely impossible. To relieve the pain a little was all he could do.

Edwin Thorpe opened his eyes at length, and there was a strange light burning in them.

"Send the servants away," he whispered; and Trevanion at once motioned them out of the room.

"How long shall I live, Doctor?" The voice was feeble and low.

"It is impossible to say."

"A day?"

"I cannot say."

"An hour?"

"Possibly."

"Possibly. Ah! This is Nemesis with a vengeance. Do you think there is forgiveness for a liar, a perjurer, a robber? Do you think so? Tell me quickly. God punishes, I know. Do you think He forgives?"

"I am sure He does," Trevanion answered reverently. "He forgave me, and I was once a drunkard and an outcast."

"But never a robber?"

"No, I never descended to that."

"But I have. I robbed an orphan, and—and—killed her. Yes, killed her."

Trevanion started, and grew pale.

"Ah!" said the dying man, "you may well look astonished. I didn't mean to kill her. I did not do it with my own hands. But—but for me she would be living yet."

Trevanion was silent.

"You do not speak," the man went on. "You do not say now that God will forgive me. But what is the use of forgiveness?—it undoes nothing, restores nothing. The wrong abides for ever and ever."

"That is true, and yet a child is happier when it is forgiven."

"Happier? I can never be happy in this world or the next. Oh, if I could undo what I have done! Ah, it's easy to talk about resisting temptation when you never feel it. I was honest until I was tempted. God pity me!"

"He pities us all," Trevanion answered quietly.

"I don't know. 'The way of transgressors is hard.' It's folly to sneer at the Bible when one's own experience confirms every word of it. I've lived in hell for years."

"Excuse me," Trevanion interposed, "but have you any special business you wish to transact?"

"Yes, yes. I'll make a clean breast of it. Let me tell you my story, then you can write it out, and I'll sign it. I believe I'm dying, Doctor."

"Not yet," Trevanion answered, giving him a stimulating draught.

"Ah, well, it's bound to come, I suppose," he said grimly. "So let me get on. My name is Edwin Thorpe, by profession a solicitor, a native of Yarnley, Lancashire. When my friend, Robert Revill, was dying——"

Trevanion gave a great gasp, and clenched his hands till the nails cut into the flesh, but the dying man did not heed.

"——I made his will. He made me his sole executor and guardian of his only child, Irene, then about nineteen years of age, and the will was so worded that if his daughter died without issue the property was to come to me. He was very rich, and I hungered for possession, and to get the property I was prepared to marry the girl, though I never cared for women; but she was pretty, and I thought I might get to like her after a fashion. Well, I offered to marry her, and she refused. Then I told her she was penniless; that her father died insolvent; that his property was mortgaged to the hilt, and I held the deeds, but I would still marry her, and give her a comfortable home. She still refused me, though she never doubted my word. But I had committed myself, and it seemed then as if the devil entered into me and compelled me to go through with the fraud. But I was terribly afraid she would put her case into some clever lawyer's hands, and all my lying would be exposed. But instead she went away quietly, without any one knowing except her parson, and he refused to tell where she had gone to. For nearly six months I searched for her in vain; then I discovered her in an obscure mining village in Cornwall. But how to get possession of her was the difficulty. But a pleasant-spoken lady, with a bogus message and a closed carriage, managed it admirably; and when she came to herself she was in safe custody, and far enough away from St. Ural. Two days later I visited her in a private asylum, and offered her marriage again. You see, I wanted to get hold of the property honestly."

"Honestly, indeed!" Trevanion hissed, still clenching his hands.

"Well, legally, then," the dying man went on, his voice growing more and more feeble. "And to get it legally there were two courses open: if

she married me—if she died. In either case I should get possession. Her keepers understood the situation. Well, she stubbornly refused to marry me. She said she loved another."

"Loved another?" Trevanion questioned, with a gasp.

"So she said. Somebody who had saved her life."

Trevanion trembled, and held tightly to his chair. He knew all now—the man had said before that he had killed her. What a strange providence that he should have been brought here to listen to this man's story!

"I have little more to add," the man continued. "About eight months after, I received the certificate of her death, for which I paid heavily enough. But to make doubly sure, I went to the funeral, and saw her in her coffin. And God knows since that day I have never had a moment's peace."

Then silence fell. Trevanion seized pen and paper, and began to write the story, short and sharp, yet omitting no important fact. For several minutes the writing went on. Trevanion had nearly finished.

Then the dying man spoke again,—

"I saw her in her coffin, in the dim candle-light, and yet—and yet——"

Trevanion dropped his pen, and breathed hard.

"——such is the power of conscience, such the agony of fear, that I have since doubted. It was like her, save for such changes as death makes, and yet not altogether like her. But I should have got the better of my fears had I not seen her or her double in that crowd."

"Seen her?" Trevanion questioned, trembling with excitement, and trying in vain to keep his voice steady.

"I was on a 'bus, going from Temple Bar to St. Paul's. At the foot of Ludgate Hill—you know the place—I saw her face; she was standing by the Obelisk, and, looking up, our eyes met. For a moment I was stupefied. I saw her look of recognition, saw her hurry away. As soon as possible I got down from the 'bus, but too late: the crowd had swallowed her up. I have spent weeks in London since then, but to no purpose. But perhaps I was mistaken. I expect I was."

"Who are the people who kept the asylum?"

"Ah, that has troubled me, too. Directly after Irene died, they let the place pass into other hands, and went abroad. Where, I do not know."

"And now what is to become of the property?" Trevanion asked.

"Heaven knows!" was the long-drawn answer. "It isn't mine. Let it go into Chancery. I have bartered my soul for it. O God, have mercy upon me!"

For several minutes there was silence in the room, save for the scratching of Trevanion's

pen. The dying man's lips kept moving all the while, as if in prayer, though the fear of death seemed largely to have passed away.

"Now listen," said Trevanion at length; and he read what he had written. "Will you sign that?"

"Yes, willingly."

"Wait a moment." And he went to the door and called the servants in. "I want two of you to witness your master's signature," he explained.

A few minutes later the document was duly signed and witnessed, and then doctor and servants alike quietly waited the end. It did not come quite so soon as Trevanion expected. About midnight he passed into a state of coma, but it was not until the pearly dawn of a new day began to creep up in the eastern sky that the heart ceased to beat.

After an early breakfast, Trevanion drove back through the quiet lanes to Billowdale. It was a lovely morning: the rain-clouds had all been dispersed, and the wind had died away to the gentlest zephyr. All the hedges were gay with flowers, and the birds were steeping the sweet morning air in music. But Trevanion had no eyes or ears for anything. His nerves were still tingling to his finger-tips, his brain was in a whirl, hope and fear were struggling in his heart for the mastery. Faith and foreboding seemed almost to rend him in twain.

When he got to his room, he threw himself into an easy chair, and tried to decide upon some plan of action; but his way seemed hedged in on every side. He read over the document again, but he saw very little value in it. If Irene Revill were dead, the property was Edwin Thorpe's at the time of his death. Whether he had made a will or no, he did not know; but that would come out in due course. Anyhow, he could do nothing in the case.

And yet there was one dim possibility that loomed fitfully before him. Irene might be alive. But how was he to act upon it? He could not get away from Billowdale for at least a month, and even if he could, what could he do? Unfortunately, he could not take Miss Tabitha into his confidence, for she had taken it into her head to travel, and he did not know where a letter would find her. What, then? There was nothing for it but simply to wait the chapter of accidents that time might unfold. If there was a Providence over his life,—which, after the events of the last few years, he could not doubt,—then all things would come right in the end. In the meanwhile, his duty was to stand still and wait.

CHAPTER XV.

NOW AND THEN.

RELATIVES by the score crowded round Edwin Thorpe's grave, and threw flowers upon his coffin,

and shed tears in torrents, and extolled his many virtues, and bemoaned, with mental reservations, his untimely fate; and then returned to Turton Hall, eager and expectant to hear the provisions of the will. But no will was to be found, nor any document relative to the disposal of his property. Then the question arose among the many hungry relatives as to who was nearest of kin—an honour which nine-tenths of those present claimed, with results that were by no means edifying to the bystanders. The servants found themselves in possession of a dozen masters instead of one, and orders were given and countermanded with a frequency that was not at all conducive to order. During the afternoon wine flowed freely, and the discussions increased in heat as they decreased in lucidity. One or two country lawyers, who had attended the funeral out of respect for the dead, smiled benevolently as the sorrowing relatives waxed furious and incoherent, and long before darkness fell the district constable had to be called in to restore order.

Trevanion, after consulting a lawyer, locked up the dead man's confession in a box, and held his peace. To publish the man's shame and treachery to the world would answer, as far as could be seen, no useful purpose. Among his papers was a copy of the certificate of Irene Revill's death, as well as Robert Revill's will, which established his title to the property. Up to that point, therefore, everything was straightforward enough.

As to the disposal of the estate, that was a matter which would have to be fought out among the relatives. The lawyer pooh-poohed the idea that Irene Revill was alive; the face in the crowd he considered was simply a chance likeness. The certificate of her death was conclusive enough, according to his judgment. Of course, if Dr. Trevanion cared, as an outsider, to spend money in advertising in the agony column of *The Times* and elsewhere, he could do so; but he thought it would be a useless waste of money.

Trevanion did not know what to do. He brooded over the matter for days and nights, and made himself ill with anxiety. It was hard to give up his newly awakened hope, but in spite of himself it slowly faded out of his heart.

"If Irene is living," he argued, "she is certain to hear of the matter somehow; it will get into the papers, and be talked of far and wide, and, of course, directly she hears, she will make herself known and put in her claim."

Nevertheless, he spent nearly all his spare cash in inserting advertisements in various newspapers; but nothing came of it all, and at last he gave up hoping. One or two bits of consolation he had, which he made the most of. One

was that Irene was decently buried. He had often pictured her lying uncoffined at the bottom of some disused shaft beneath forty or fifty fathoms of water, and had shuddered at the thought. Now, at least, he could think of her sleeping in a decent grave in some quiet graveyard, though no one ever came to drop a tear upon the spot. The other bit of consolation was her confession that she loved him. She could not mean any other. He alone had saved her life, and so her grateful heart had grown to love. This was a very precious morsel to him, and led him to live over again in memory those months of mingled pain and pleasure he had spent at Ivyholme in her company. A hundred little things which had puzzled him then, this simple fact enabled him to interpret, and he wondered, now, how in those days he had been so blind.

How vividly their last conversation came back to him, the eager look in her sweet blue eyes, the thrill of pathos in her tones, the blushes that came and went, like cloud-shadows on a plain! Ah well, he was very blind then, and yet his blindness was not to be wondered at. He had given no proof of worth or merit. He was only half out of the slough in which he had wallowed so long, and so it was not to be wondered at that then he failed to see what now was clear enough.

Still, she was not lost to him. Her love had made him great, and would make him greater yet; while his love for her had helped to cleanse and purify his heart, had set before him a noble and lofty ideal, had touched into life the dormant strength of his nature, had transformed him from a child into a man.

In the years that followed Trevanion often gave advice to the young men with whom he was thrown into contact, and his advice was always comprised under two heads. The first was, "Don't drink"; the second was, "Get into your hearts a pure and unselfish love for a pure and noble woman"; and when told that such advice was not in harmony with the teaching of the New Testament, he would quote the Apostle Paul: "First that which is natural, afterward that which is spiritual."

Like many other people, he imagined that what had been good for himself must necessarily be best for other people. He had loved the creature first, and then had ascended to Him whose love had given so sweet a gift.

But we are somewhat anticipating in these remarks. When he left Billowdale at the end of his six weeks' residence, he managed to secure the position of Assistant House Surgeon in a hospital in a large seaport town in the south of England. Here he remained six months, getting a very small salary, but acquiring large experience. Then he engaged himself as surgeon on a large vessel bound for China, and finding he

had a few days to spare, he hurried down to St. Ural, where Miss Tabitha had again taken up her residence.

Miss Tabitha was delighted to see him, and welcomed him with every show of pleasure and affection. As a matter of fact, she was exceedingly proud of her *protégé*. He was a living example of the soundness of her theory. But besides all that, and lying deeper than all, there was a tender memory in her heart. She had known his father. She never said any more than that, but it was easy to guess the rest, and for the father's sake it was a pleasure to befriend his son.

Trevanion had been absent from St. Ural more than two years; but he saw no change. He loitered through the straggling village, and gossiped with Hosea Polwhele over his counter, and cracked a joke with Peter Buzza outside the Miners' Arms, and smoked a pipe with his old comrade, Job Minver, and discussed the prospects of St. Ural Consols with Captain Tom, and listened to Tilda Beswarrick's expressions of surprise at his improved appearance, and even drank tea with Susan Poad, who was as obsequious now as she used to be impertinent. But while he *saw* no change in anything, the change he *felt* was so great that he could hardly comprehend it. During these two years and odd, St. Ural might have been standing still or asleep. Everything was just as it used to be. The very same cows seemed to be in the meadows, the same people in the lanes, the same faces at the windows, the same cats blinking on the window sills, the same groups of miners going and returning from their work; and yet, in spite of this, the difference between now and then seemed immense. St. Ural had not changed; clearly, then, the change was in himself. The old life seemed like an impossible dream. He stood again in front of the Miners' Arms, and looked at the crazy bench, and tried to picture himself as Irene first saw him. He loitered out on the downs, and descended into the grassy hollow, where he had struggled so often with himself. He stood on the wooden bridge that spanned the river, and looked at his reflection in the clear, still water below. He even went under ground, and sat and smoked in the old "level" where he used to work. But nothing could remove the impression of remoteness that possessed him. Every now and then he asked himself, "Was it really I that lived and toiled and drank and despaired in this sleepy village, or did I only dream it all?"

Life seemed so different now, and he was different. He no longer slouched with muddled brain and downcast eyes. He walked with head erect, and eyes bright and clear with faith and hope and purpose.

"You've got to be a mighty fine gentleman,

an' I must say you'm grow'd very 'andsome," Tilda Beswarrick had said to him, and several others had hinted more obscurely at the same fact.

Did better clothes, then, make so much difference, or did the change lie deeper? In the old days even Gracey Grig slammed the door in his face. Now the women even curtsied when he recognised them. Verily, manhood is beyond the tailor's art, and character chisels itself deep upon the brow and face.

He spent a very pleasant week at Ivyholme—a week in which gratitude and regret about equally divided his heart. Gratitude that one of God's fair creatures had been permitted to touch his dormant manhood into life. Regret that she so soon had been taken away from him. At Ivyholme everything reminded him of her, and every now and then he fancied the door would open, and that she would come into the room. At night he would dream that he was lying ill again, and that she was bending over him with sweet and patient face.

On the whole he was not sorry when the time came for him to join his ship. He felt that he had no time to waste in useless dreams and vain regrets. He was anxious to fill up his life with useful work.

"She would have willed it so if she were alive," he said to himself. And what he believed *she* would desire, that he was most anxious to do.

The influence of her brief life upon his was altogether unique. Indeed, we have never known another case where that influence remained so strong and so constant.

"Now, you promise that you will come straight here on your return," was Miss Tabitha's parting word.

"Yes, I promise," he said; and then he kissed her forehead and marched away.

"Bless him," Miss Tabitha murmured when he was out of sight. "He's nearly as handsome as his father;" and then she wiped her eyes and turned back into the house.

A month later Miss Tabitha received a great shock. It came about in this way. Captain Tom called one morning with an open letter in his hand.

(To be continued.)

"I got this by the first post," he explained, holding up the letter, "and I can't make out exactly what it means."

"What is it about?" Miss Tabitha asked. "It's about you," was the reply; "but take it and read it for yourself."

"Well," said Miss Tabitha, with a somewhat puzzled air, "there is not much in it, certainly." And she read it again.

"Lancashire Chambers,

"Chancery Lane, London,

"Nov. 30th, 18—.

"DEAR SIR,—Would you be so good as to inform me if Miss Tabitha Penwithiel, of Ivyholme, St. Ural, is still alive, and if so, could you give me her present address? Apologising for troubling you,

"I remain, yours obediently,

"RICHARD JEFFERY,

"Solicitor."

"Anyhow, there's nothing to hide, Captain Tom; so you'd better write by return and say I'm still living, and that my present address is Ivyholme. Nobody can harm me, and as for the lawyers, I shouldn't be afraid of a regiment of them."

Nevertheless, for a couple of days Miss Tabitha puzzled herself considerably over the letter. She could not imagine what any London lawyer could want with her, or any one else, for that matter. She hadn't a relative in the world, and very few acquaintances.

On the third morning, however, the mystery was explained. When she came down to breakfast, she found a letter lying on her plate. This was quite an event in itself, for letters at Ivyholme were like angels' visits.

Miss Tabitha caught it up eagerly, and turned pale. There was something in the handwriting that almost startled her. Eagerly tearing open the envelope, she glanced first at the address, and then at the signature.

Then she made a grab at the nearest chair, but missing it, sat down heavily on the floor, and remained for several seconds staring wildly about her like one in a dream.

THE people of America have proved that the blending of the sweet currents of different family lives in social intercourse, in recreation, and—most original of all—in education can take place freely and joyously without any sacrifice of man's reverence for woman or woman's reverence for herself; and, springing out of these naturally mingled lives, there must more and more come those sacred and happy homes which are the

surest guarantees for the moral progress of a nation.—PROF. DRUMMOND.

Do your best loyally and cheerfully, and suffer yourself to feel no anxiety or fear. Your times are in God's hands. He has assigned you your place; He will direct your paths; He will accept your efforts if they be faithful; He will bless your aims if they be for your soul's good.—ARCH-DEACON FARRAR.

ECHOES FROM THE STUDY.

By W. J. DAWSON,

Author of "The Makers of Modern English," "The Threshold of Manhood," etc.

It is gratifying to notice the growing interest in literature which marks the letters of my correspondents. Once or twice lately the name of John Keats has occurred in these letters, and the interest in Keats and his works coincides with the first public memorial which has ever been erected on English soil to his memory. It cannot be said that his poetry has been neglected, but it is significant that it is not until seventy-three years after his death that a memorial tablet is placed in Hampstead Church, and then only on the initiative of America. To write adequately on Keats would need an essay, not a paragraph. Most people know that Tennyson said, "Keats was the greatest of us all," and that he was of opinion that if Keats had lived he would have been the greatest poet since Milton. What he did for English poetry was to bring it back to the untrammelled contemplation of beauty as an end in itself. He had no political or social creed to express, as had Shelley; no revolt against convention, as had Byron; no new philosophy to impart, as had Wordsworth. He formulated his entire message when he said that truth was beauty, beauty was truth. He is, perhaps, the most extraordinary instance in English literature of the poet who is born, not made. He did all that was permitted to him in his brief life with a fine instinctive art, which owed little to culture, and everything to the depth and originality of his own poetic impulse. One or two popular errors about him still need correction. He was by no means the sickly and morbid youth he has been painted. He was agile, well-built, a tireless walker, a youth of manly virility of nature. Until he spoiled his health by getting wet repeatedly on a walking tour in Scotland he showed no symptoms of physical weakness. Both his life and works are worth the most attentive study; his life for the quiet bravery with which he ultimately faced his tragic end; his works because there is no more perfect poetry in the language, and none so wonderful when we remember that it is the work of a mere youth, whose opportunities of culture were few, and whose defects of education many.

* * *

A letter from *E. S. (Newport)* has more than private interest, because it represents a melancholy state of mind which is frequent in youth. Put roughly—for the letter of *E. S.* is much too long for quotation—the question is, Is knowledge worth having in itself? And again, when we know that the best knowledge we can attain will

be imperfect, is it worth the toil of acquisition? To me such questions do not need an answer. Yet I can quite understand the mood of feeling in which they originate. A youth withdraws himself from the mere empty pleasures of life, and gives his leisure to study. Presently he finds that he has begun a toil that is endless. He sees others enjoying themselves on a lower plane of aspiration, and begins to wonder whether it is worth denying himself so much for results which, at the best, can only be so imperfect. My reply is, that knowledge is always worth having, and that wisdom is always justified of her children. For, in the first place, there is the joy of *knowing*, which is in itself a very deep and permanent joy. Think how much larger and more interesting a world this is to the man who knows than to the man who is ignorant. The man who knows something of geology, biology, and botany, has a thousand sources of interest, denied to the man who knows nothing of these sciences. In the same way the man who has an adequate acquaintance with art, music, or literature, is a citizen of a much wider world than the man who never reads, and cares nothing for music or pictures. He is a man of wider vision, keener sympathies, and more catholic interests, and surely in any true measurement of manhood this should count for much.

* * *

But, over and above this, knowledge is worth having because it is always useful in itself. If in no other way it justifies itself in the direction I have already indicated—the increased interest which it gives to life. The dreariness and peril of life for thousands lie in its emptiness. There is a shocking paucity of interest, and consequently there is an increased susceptibility to the coarser forms of temptation. How many youths would be saved from the tyranny of the carnal passions if they only had higher interests, which opened to them the kingdoms of imagination and knowledge. How many men, who move through a deeply-rutted life, and succeed so far as making money may be called success, discover to their dismay in later years that they have no real interest in life outside their business, and therefore no intellectual resource to fall back upon when their power for business is broken, or the need for devoting their entire energy to it is removed. The wise man is he who fills his life with as many and as various interests as he can. The man who in the midst of a drudging life keeps his mind

open to the pleasures of art and literature, finds not merely that his mind is insensibly refined, but that he has a resource to which he can turn at will, and in which he can find refreshment and an abiding delight. To which it may be added, that in the numerous vicissitudes of life, it constantly happens that a man's private study, in the most unexpected ways, proves a means for his advancement. Knowledge is power, and the hour often comes when a man's knowledge puts a weapon into his hand by which he conquers. In fact, for success in life a man cannot know too much; so that knowledge is every way gain, in itself for the joy it brings us, and beyond itself for the sake of our advancement in life, which it serves at the unlikeliest moment, and by means that are beyond our forecast.

* * *

Is the stringent suppression of betting and gambling desirable or practicable? is the question of *F. M.* The contention of *F. M.* is that any legislation is useless, because the abolition of a national vice can only be achieved by moral influence upon the life of the individual. True: beyond all question the only permanent reform is that which changes the taste and tendency of the individual. *F. M.* is quite right when he says that I have consistently taught this. Thus, for example, if you could generate a thorough dislike for alcohol in any form throughout the population of Great Britain, the temperance battle would be won, and the drink traffic would die of mere inanition. But does it follow that in the meantime we are to do nothing to put a limit to a national vice? Murder, theft, and arson are crimes which spring from wrong states of feeling in individuals, and manifestly such crimes would be impossible if you could exorcise from men's hearts the demons of hatred, revenge, and cupidity. But in the meantime we say, and justly, that whatever sources such crimes spring from, they are offences against society, and as such must be punished. All law is an interference with the liberty of the subject. It interferes sometimes to protect minorities against the tyranny of majorities, and sometimes to protect majorities against the destructive vices of minorities; but always it is an interference with the liberty of the individual for the sake of society as a whole. To denounce any such interference is simply to preach anarchy. To say that moral suasion will do all that is necessary is really to shut one's eyes to the practical aspects of life, and to theorize while society perishes. It is as though a man should say, "Cholera only attacks people who are in a state of depressed vitality. The cure for cholera is obviously then to improve the general health of the individual. Medicine is useless, and should be prohibited, since the real cure is to build up a

nation so full of healthy vitality that it is impervious to the cholera scare."

* * *

Now, to such a statement as this, every reasonable man would have a very plain reply. He would say, "By all means do what you can by better sanitation and every other means to produce a healthier people, but in the meantime we shall use every weapon of science and medicine to limit the cholera epidemic, and stamp it out." The same principle applies to gambling. It is a peril to society. It fills our gaols, and on every side works ruin in the lives of men. It is fostered by certain quite ascertainable causes: the publication of betting odds, the public book-making on race-courses, etc. It is true that we cannot make an end of gambling until we have stamped out the gambling spirit in the individual, any more than we can end the drink traffic till we have taught every one to dislike drink. But we can take stringent measures to limit the circumference of the evil. We can say to the press, "You shall no longer inflame the minds of your readers by publishing betting odds, and giving tips and prophecies before a race." We have already put down gaming-houses. We made no attempt to ascertain the views of those who kept them, or to convert them by moral suasion: we simply told them that their trade was a peril to society, and we broke it up. What the law does in such a case is to drive the evil into closer and closer limits: to circumscribe its contagion: to prevent temptation being put in the way of the people, since it knows perfectly well that it is the existence of the temptation which does more than anything else to spread the vice. Is not this reasonable? Is it not an interference with the individual which is justified by the interests of society, and all that makes for its moral welfare? And that is the case for legislation against gambling. Legislation is simply the voice of the people, declaring by a deliberate verdict that certain things which corrupt society and weaken the social fabric shall not be; and, when I consider the evil which is wrought by gambling, I cannot conceive any truly patriotic man refusing to support such legislation.

* * *

I have already touched upon the Malthusian doctrine of the limitation of the family in these columns, and can therefore only permit myself a very brief reply to *G. F. (Islington)* and others who re-open the subject. I do not deny that there are particular and special cases where the purposed limitation of the family is desirable, and is justified. But every great social doctrine must be tried, not by its usefulness to the individual, or to a small group of individuals, but to society as a whole. It is there that Malthusianism breaks down. Applied on a large scale, it inevit-

ably means the decay and extinction of a nation. The nation with a decreasing population must necessarily become a second-rate power. Thus in France, where the limitation of the family has been practised for a century, this result begins to be apparent, and the alarm of French statesmen is expressed in the extraordinary advantages of education and maintenance which the Government offers to large families. Even in the United States the same result begins to appear, and the native-born American is being swamped by the tide of immigration. Moreover, no one seriously contends that the entire soil of the world is anything like adequately occupied, or its food resources exhausted. For that matter, the soil of Great Britain is capable of sustaining many millions more, if it were but wisely administered. The doctrine of Malthus was generally discredited in his own day, and it is still more untenable in ours, when the enormous growth of the means of locomotion has thrown open whole continents for colonization. The remedy for what we call over-population does not lie in the limitation of the family, which is the sure precursor of national decadence, but rather of better land-laws, a thriftier use of our national resources, the growth of peasant proprietorship, and a wise and better organized scheme of emigration to those vast new lands where there is ample room for millions, and a still unparalleled opportunity for nation-building.

* * *

BRIEF REPLIES.—In answer to several correspondents, I may say that the best book on practical book-keeping I can hear of is *Thornton's First Lessons in Book-keeping* (Macmillan & Co., 3s. 9d.). Of this book a correspondent writes, "It is the only book on the subject I have had, and I taught myself sufficiently to keep the books of a private shipowner."—The best book for *T. P. (Bethesda)* is the Oxford *Helps to the Study of the Bible*, published at the University Press.—*E. D.*: Self-consciousness is a morbid state of mind and feeling, arising from debilitated nerves more often than not. With the increase of robust strength will come the cure.—*W. M. (Hunmanby)*: Everything depends upon the reality of the call to this work, and, as Beecher once said, "No man is called to preach who is unable to call a congregation to listen to him." So far as college goes, it is hardly possible to enter any college without a distinct understanding that you hereafter serve the ministry of the Church which supports the college. In a day such as ours some form of college training is nearly indispensable, and I should advise you, if you take any steps at all, to distinctly offer yourself for the ministry. In Wesleyan Methodism the college pays *all* the expenses of the student, if he is unable to contribute. In Congregationalism the rule varies, but a college usually provides its share, perhaps £25 to £30 per annum, according to the needs of the case. The list of books you give is excellent, as far as it goes.—*E. A. L.* can read no better book than Dr. Dale's

Atonement. It is lucid, learned, and masterly.—*E. M. (Fordingbridge)* is certainly right in his conclusion that three-fourths of the trouble of the world is clearly preventible. It is not God's will, and there is no sillier blasphemy than to say it is. It springs from the direct violation of God's will, which is our happiness and sanctification. When men complain that the kingdom of God has not come, they should ask why it has not come? It is because the world has rejected the only conditions by which it can come. In other words, if we don't practise the Divine recipe, how can we expect the Divine result?

* * *

The question touched upon by *South Wales* is of the utmost importance. Nothing can be clearer in the very constitution of things than that man's passions are meant to be controlled by reason and by will. Throughout nature there is a limit and season set for the passions of animals. Man only is absolutely free. Why? Because man has reason, and is meant to be a self-reverencing and self-governing creature, who needs no arbitrary limit like the beast, because he is a creature who can will. That is where the great difference lies between man and all other creatures. He is entrusted with absolute freedom, because he has also a power in him which is meant to instruct and restrain his impulses, and recognise what is good and what is evil. The man who ignores these truths of his own constitution deliberately makes himself lower than a beast. Cromwell put it finely two centuries ago, when he said, "The mind is the man. If that be kept pure, a man signifies somewhat. If not, I would fain see what difference there is between a man and a beast, save that the man has the greater power for the larger mischief." This is one of the golden sentences of the great Puritan which ought to be inscribed in the memory of every young man.—*C. D. (Rockferry)* should buy *Lempriere's Classical Dictionary* by way of beginning. It was from this book, it is said, that John Keats learned all he knew about classical mythology. If anything like a thorough study of the subject is intended, write to any good bookseller, who will send you a list of books, from which you can choose. There are many translations of Homer, so many that choice is difficult. The best of the ancients is Chapman's, a glorious book, to which Keats owed much, and concerning which he wrote one of his finest sonnets. The best of the moderns is Mr. William Morris's *Odyssey*, published by Reeves & Turner at 6s. 6d.—*G. L. (Cummock)*: When a young writer has written a story, the first thing he should do is to write it again, carefully cutting out every redundancy, every unnecessary adjective, and all that fails to help and strengthen the interest. He should then get it typewritten, and keep half a dozen copies. Then ask, what magazine is likeliest to print this? Send it, with stamps for its return in the very probable case of its rejection. If it is accepted, he should have a written understanding that he has the right of republication in book form, if that is his intention. As a matter of fact, editors never refuse permission for republication in book form, unless the story has been sold to them outright. You will notice that the preface of almost every volume of short stories states where they have previously appeared.

THE NEW AGE

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE EDITOR.

[From the *BRITISH WEEKLY* of August 30.]

ON Monday afternoon I called at the office of Mr. F. A. Atkins in Amen Corner to inquire about the new paper which the editor of *THE YOUNG MAN* has promised us for October.

"For three or four years," said Mr. Atkins, "I have been thinking about a weekly paper, and waiting for a suitable opportunity to start one. My readers have repeatedly asked me for something that should prove a more frequent visitor than the magazines, and now I think I can see my way to start what is probably my last new enterprise, for three magazines and a weekly paper ought to be enough for any man. The paper is to be called *The New Age*. We describe it as a record of 'Christian culture, social service, and literary life.' We shall print 75,000 copies of the first number. We cannot hope to produce a perfect paper, but we are quite prepared to promise you a bright one. We shall make mistakes, no doubt, but at all events *we will not be dull!*"

"Shall you write the leading articles yourself, Mr. Atkins?"

"I am going to do without a leading article—is that a very revolutionary thing to do? We shall print on the front page, under the title of 'The Outlook,' crisp notes on current topics by my friend, Dr. C. A. Berry."

"How shall you provide for the element of fiction?"

"There will be a complete story every week by one of our most popular writers. I have already arranged for short tales by S. Baring Gould, I. Zangwill, Clark Russell, Jerome K. Jerome, Silas K. Hocking, Grant Allen, John Strange Winter, L. T. Meade, H. D. Lowry, L. B. Walford, G. Manville Fenn, Evelyn Everett Green, Katharine Tynan, B. L. Farjeon, Mrs. Esler, Joseph Hocking, G. B. Burgin, Sarah Doudney, Mabel Quiller-Couch, etc."

"I need hardly ask, I suppose, if the paper will be Christian in tone?"

"We shall make special efforts," said Mr. Atkins, "to provide good religious matter. We shall give every week a special report of a sermon—or part of a sermon—by some leading preacher."

"The page devoted to 'Literary Life,'" Mr. Atkins went on, "will, I believe, be one of our most popular features; for, besides reviews and notes, we shall have 'Letters about Books' at frequent intervals by Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, Katharine Tynan, and other well-known literary critics. Then there will be my 'Young Men's Column.' I started this column nearly ten years ago in a weekly religious paper. I was only about twenty at the time, and I am afraid I

supplied stuff that was often very wild and immature. But men liked it, and last June, when for various reasons I relinquished this work, I was simply inundated with letters urging me to resume the column elsewhere. You can imagine how surprised and gratified I felt at this. I immediately decided to resume the column in *The New Age* on October 4th."

"How about the 'Home Department'?" I inquired.

"We shall have a 'Home Department,' in which one of our cleverest lady writers and novelists will deal with such questions as dress, cookery, house-furnishing, etc., and also answer letters from correspondents. My friend, Mr. Reid Howatt, who has a special genius for dealing with child-life, will conduct 'The Children's Corner.' I hope to print an occasional 'American Letter' from Miss Willard, and one of the ablest journalists in Glasgow is to send us a weekly letter entitled 'Scotland up to Date.' One feature which, I think, may prove interesting and helpful, is a series of articles on 'The Problems of the Age.' Dr. Parker has written a very clever paper on 'Christianity and the Democracy.' Mr. A. E. Fletcher, the editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, will reply to this; and other articles will follow on gambling by Archdeacon Sinclair, on the labour question by Dr. Clifford, on war by Mr. W. T. Stead, on the drink curse by Dr. R. F. Horton, on the new womanhood by Mr. Silas K. Hocking, and on war, socialism, the land question, pauperism, etc., by leading experts."

"Are there any other features you would care to mention?"

"We shall have one or two illustrated interviews every week; I have secured an article of great and unique interest on Mr. Gladstone; and under the title of 'Last Sunday,' we hope to give brief echoes from many of the leading pulpits in Great Britain. Some time ago I wrote to a number of eminent thinkers and workers, asking them to write out for me the passages of prose or poetry which had influenced them most, and given them the greatest delight. I received most interesting letters from Dr. Conan Doyle, Dr. Parker, Mr. Hall Caine, Sir B. W. Richardson, Sarah Grand, Mr. Le Gallienne, Sir Edwin Arnold, Mr. Norman Gale, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Lord Charles Beresford, Jane Barlow, Prof. Blackie, Mr. Rider Haggard, Mrs. Mary Davies, Mr. J. E. C. Welldon, Prof. Fairbairn, Prof. Max Muller, Mr. H. M. Stanley, Canon Wilberforce, Mr. W. E. Norris, etc. These I hope to print in the first two numbers of *The New Age*."

LORNA.

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The Editor cannot hold himself responsible under any circumstances for the return of manuscripts.